

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NEW YORK 25 DECEMBER 1897

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Alphonse Daudet

THE SUDDEN DEATH at Paris, on December 16, of Alphonse Daudet, has closed a brilliant career which, notwithstanding its shortness, had already passed its zenith. For Daudet was only fifty-seven years old, while his period of productiveness had ceased several years ago, with "L'Immortal," since which nothing worthy of his great talent had proceeded from his pen.

A contemporary of the famous group that wrote "Les Soirées de Médan," he, like all of them, worked out for himself a new theory and practice of art, and he alone can be said to have formed, in a certain and restricted sense, a school among *les jeunes* of to-day. The Goncourts are of the past; Guy de Maupassant, as great a master of technique as he, nay, probably greater in the perfection of his workmanship, had not nearly so wide a view, such deep and universal sympathies; Huysmans has never received more than conditional appreciation; and Zola has more than once become the slave of his own immense, plodding method—a method that is so preeminently the result of individual temperament that an attempt at imitation, or even adaptation, must needs result in failure. But Daudet may be regarded, with certain reservations, as the forerunner of Hervieu, Prévost and Lavedan; and even Paul Bourget, notwithstanding his indebtedness to Stendhal, may unconsciously have felt his influence. Daudet was a great writer, and was the first of the group to receive recognition. His popularity surpassed that of all the others, though the "sales" of his books never equalled those of Zola's, with, perhaps, two or three exceptions.

Daudet's career was well balanced and rounded from beginning to end. But few men-of-letters have been blessed with so complete a harmony between their private life and their career. His art was his existence, and his existence was his art. Therefore in his works we find himself, his friends and acquaintances, the country and the people of his birth, and the city which he loved and where he triumphed. Even his wife is there, and the history of his books, which is the history of his daily life. His son Léon followed in his footsteps, and through the latter's marriage to a granddaughter of Victor Hugo he may have become the founder of a literary dynasty. Therefore a study of his works implies a history of his life: the two are inextricably interwoven, of equal value in their influence one upon the other.

Alphonse Daudet was born at Nîmes, in May 1840, of Jewish or Moorish ancestry. His parents were very poor, as he has told us in "Trente Ans de Paris." There was a legend of past splendor, but that was long ago. The child grew up, happy notwithstanding his privations, an omnivorous reader of all that appealed to his imagination. He was sent by friends to the Lycée at Lyons, and started on his career as assistant teacher in a school for workingmen's children at Alais. The record of those dark days may be found in his first novel, "Le Petit Chose," which first called



ALPHONSE DAUDET

forth the persistent comparison of his work with that of Charles Dickens—a comparison of which he was proud, though he denied, undoubtedly with truth, the implied charge of plagiarism. A certain trick of caricature in his earlier books certainly smacks of Dickens's humor; but the great resemblance between them is found in their deep affection for the poor and unfortunate, their pity for suffering childhood, which found its birth in the darkness of the early days of both. Another echo of the Frenchman's bitter youth is heard in "Jack," which is too sombre to be a work of art; and the miseries of the young at the Gymnase Moronval reëcho again in the *Œuvre de Bethléem*, founded with the Nabob's money for the greater glory of Dr. Jenkins.

In 1857 Daudet followed his elder brother Ernest, his heartiest admirer in later years, to Paris, and entered the ranks of literature as a contributor to *Le Spectateur*, a paper that was suppressed on the day after Orsini's attempted

assassination of the Emperor, and just before his first paper could be published. At eighteen he brought out a volume of poems—"Les Amoureuses"—which attracted the attention of the Duc de Morny, the Mora of "Le Nabab." Then followed "Tartarin de Tarascon" (1872), which was not at first recognized as the masterpiece it is; to be succeeded, in turn, by "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné" (1874), which was crowned by the Academy. From this novel Daudet dated his success: it gave him his first taste of popularity, of the sympathy of the reader with the author's characters, which shows that the true chord has been struck. He was almost ashamed of the editions that so rapidly succeeded each other: the other members of the group that met weekly at the Goncourts', remained unknown, and Zola exclaimed, without envy, that their books would never be popular.

Tourguenéff, for many

years Daudet's friend and candid critic, was also a regular guest, and the Frenchman's bitter reference to the Russian's duplicity, at a much later date, will be remembered by all his admirers. The mystery of this disenchantment has never been completely cleared up. Meanwhile Daudet had been a constant contributor to the daily press, notably *Le Figaro*, which published the series of papers on the miseries of the country school-teacher, which he wrote under the title of "Les Gueux de Province." He produced, also, during this period, the delicious "Lettres de Mon Moulin," "Lettres à un Absent" and "Contes du Lundi." "Jack" was published in 1876. Daudet married in 1867, and Mme. Daudet, herself an author, remained to the end his collaborator and critic. His debt to her, too, he has generously and gratefully acknowledged in the charming history of his books.

It is difficult, in the case of so prolific and uniformly excellent a writer, to single out certain of his works as best.

representing his talent. It can be done, of course, but the list must needs be a long one. Those that may be selected without fear of injustice or incompleteness are "Le Nabab" and "Les Rois en Exil"; the Tartarin series and "Numa Roumestan"; and "Sapho," the dedication whereof, "Pour mes fils, quand ils aurent vingt ans," is unhappily of perennial application in Europe; and happily to but a very small degree among us.

Daudet has been accused of being but an "artistic photographer"—most unjustly, we believe. To be sure, Napoleon III, Morny, Sarah Bernhardt, Taglioni, the Queen of Naples and the Prince of Orange figure in his pages under transparent disguises; but that is not all there is in them. The universal soul-life is there, too—love, ambition and friendship, misery and splendor—all the human comedy of this modern day; and it is to their masterly treatment, rather than to these semi-portraits, that Daudet's works owed their enthusiastic reception. He persistently denied that Gambetta was the original of "Numa Roumestan": the statement, which will not down, was first made by a German publisher. He had even worse luck with the first volume of the Tartarin series. That redoubtable hero was originally named Barbarin, to the just anger of a citizen of Tarascon who bore that patronymic; and there are in existence to-day rare copies of the first edition of this book, the plates of which had been cast before the discovery was made, which contain the corrections made before printing, with many oversights and mistakes, such as "Tarbarin, Bar-tarin," "et même," says Daudet, who recommends this edition to collectors, "des tonjur pour bonjour." While on the subject of the Tartarin series, we may add that it is a rare instance of a sequel that is as good as its predecessor; and we hold that the judgment generally passed upon "Port Tarascon," that it is far inferior to the other two, is unjust. The court-room scene, where all his people who gave evidence against him, by their very exaggerations and unconscious perversions of the truth, bore witness that he was, indeed, Tartarin de Tarascon, the incarnation of all their traits and foibles, is a stroke of genius.

"Numa Roumestan" presents the other side of the picture: the bad traits, the thoughtlessness, the superficiality of these children of the sun, their unconscious selfishness and love of outward pomp, the traits of a people who live out-of-doors, in the caressing warmth of the southern sun, and lack the northern love of home. How close Daudet kept to life in his art is best proved by his own testimony. The weakest part of "Numa Roumestan," according to Zola, is the episode of Mlle. Le Quesnoy's infatuation for the *samourinaire*; yet the author himself has testified that here his story got beyond his control: that the episode is there because it was observed, not invented, especially so far as its tragic ending is concerned. And every character in "Fromont Jeune et Risler Ainé" is taken from life, though the figure of Sidonie lacks relief and individuality. Therefore we hesitate to join those who put this story first among Daudet's masterpieces. Perhaps no better measure of the author's wonderful growth can be obtained than by a comparison of the flaccid, disreputable mother of "Jack" with the terrible figure of "Sapho." It is superfluous to speak of the magnificent workmanship of that story, or of the ex-

cellences of "Le Nabab" and "Les Rois en Exil." It has been said of the former book that the picture of Morny which it presents was more than an indiscretion of the author, who owed to the Third Emperor's half-brother, if not his success, at least great material aid in deserving it more readily. But Daudet himself claims that the picture given there is exactly the one that Morny himself would have liked: the characteristics of the Duc de Mora were the *pose* of Morny. An idea that Daudet had for many years, he unhappily never carried out. While making notes for his Tartarin series and "Numa Roumestan," he conceived the plan of treating the first Napoleon as the incarnation of Le Midi: the suggestion is there, unused, with endless possibilities. But who will take it up now that from the hand that best could have handled it the pen has dropped forever? Yet the mere indication is enough, and will perhaps be of service to students of history. That Napoleon was not inconceivably far removed in temperament from Tartarin, no one will care to deny.

Like all modern French authors, Daudet was not content to limit himself to one field. He made his début as a poet, and his verses, though perhaps not of the very first rank, bear the stamp of his great talent. Curiously enough, his longing for fame as a dramatist was never fulfilled. He wrote many plays, mostly in collaboration, but all of them were unsuccessful; nor did the adaptations of his novels for the stage fare better. The dramatization of "Les Rois en Exil" met with a reception not unlike that accorded to "Thermidor": the Royalists of the Parisian clubs went nightly to hiss the play, especially a reference it contained to a member of the House of France running after an omnibus. "Numa Roumestan," produced at the Gymnase, fared but little better; and only a *succès d'estime* can be claimed for the others, among which are "La Dernière Idole," "L'Œillet Blanc," produced at the Théâtre Français in 1865, "Le Frère Ainé," "Le Sacrifice," "Lise Tavernier," "L'Arlésienne," "La Lutte pour la Vie," "L'Obstacle" and "La Menteuse." Réjane created the title rôle of "Sapho," the most successful of his plays; and but a few weeks before his death, Massenet's opera based on that novel won a brilliant success in Paris.

His method of work, or, rather, his lack of method, probably shortened his life. Long periods of idleness would be succeeded by days of eighteen hours' unremitting work. He spent endless care upon his products, revising and revising them again, always aided by his wife; and he would sometimes spend days and weeks searching for a *milieu* (as in the case of "Fromont Jeune"), a bit of landscape, or even a building. He could not dictate his novels; hence much manual labor was added to his intellectual activity, and his ten years' invalidism has been directly traced to his irregular, reckless manner of production. But the result was invariably perfect: scorning traditions, he invented and perfected his own literary creed, and the quality of his style is not among the least of the tributes to the genius of the French language. His career closed with the publication of "Rose et Ninette," which revealed with almost brutal suddenness the approaching end. "La Petite Paroisse," published some years later, was much superior to it in workmanship, but failed equally to add new laurels to his fame. "L'Immortel," that

headlong attack upon the French Academy which he always scorned, was his last notable book, and its bitterest sting lay in the incontestable fact that its learned Academician, who was duped with forged documents, had his prototype in real life, and in the Academy itself. That institution shared with the *Théâtre Français* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* Daudet's aversion. He never presented himself at its doors, as Zola has been doing with his characteristic dogged perseverance, to furnish one more pawn in what Guy de Maupassant has so cleverly described as "Le Jeu de la Mort et des Quarante Vieillards." But the company of the illustrious dead outside its portals that he has joined, may well cede to him, the latest comer, the far more famous forty-first *fauteuil*. His place is secure in the history of French literature in the nineteenth century, as one of its most brilliant, attractive and sympathetic figures.

ADRIAN SCHADE VAN WESTRUM.

The list of Daudet's books is as follows:—"Les Amoureuses," "Les Absents," "Tartarin de Tarascon," "Tartarin sur les Alpes," "Port Tarascon," "Contes du Lundi," "Lettres de Mon Moulin," "Le Petit Chose," "Jack," "Fromont Jeune et Risler Ainé," "Robert Helmont," "Le Nabab," "Les Rois en Exil," "Numa Roumestan," "L'Évangéliste," "Sapho," "La Belle Nivernaise," "Le Chaperon Rouge," "Les Petits Robins des Caves," "Contes et Récits," "Les Cioghes," "Trente Ans de Paris," "Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres," "L'Immortel," "Rose et Ninette," "La Petite Paroisse" and "La Féodor." His last book, "Le Soutien de Famille," has been repeatedly announced during the last few years. Whether it will be published, and when, are questions to which, at the present moment, no authoritative answer can be given.

Our portrait of M. Daudet was drawn for *The Critic* of 10 Sept. 1881, where it accompanied a very clever study of the novelist by Mr. Paul M. Potter, since republished in "Essays from The Critic."

Proposed Robbery of Authors

WE ARE INDEBTED to the Library Association of Central California for the text of the bill introduced in Congress by Senator Perkins—apparently at the instance of the Association,—proposing a change in the copyright law by which six copies of every book published in the United States must be deposited with the Librarian of Congress, in order to secure copyright. At present the number is two. The librarians of California find themselves very far from Washington, and cannot readily avail themselves of the privileges of the National Library. Hence they have hit upon the idea of having a copy of every new book sent to San Francisco, free. But to get popular support for the proposition, they have made the proposed law cover other parts of the country, also. This is the gist of their addition to the law:—

"The Librarian of Congress shall deliver, or cause to be delivered, one copy of such copyright book or other article to each of the following Librarians, viz.: the Librarian of the Free Public Library of the City of Chicago, State of Illinois; the Librarian of the Free Public Library of the City of Denver, State of Colorado; the Librarian of the Free Public Library of the City of San Francisco, State of California; and the Librarian of the Howard Memorial Library of the City of New Orleans, State of Louisiana."

This is the coolest proposition that has come to our notice for many a long day. It is simply a proposition to rob every author or publisher, and to cover the robbery by the forms of law. Two copies of every new book are sent to the Librarian of Congress in order that they may be copyrighted, recorded and kept on file for reference in case of

dispute. There is no more warrant for expropriating four more copies than there would be for requiring six examples of every patented machine to be sent to the Patent Office for distribution. And there would be constant agitation to have the number of free copies increased to meet the greed of other cities than Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and New Orleans. New York, Philadelphia and Boston would be the first to claim free books for their public libraries. The proposition is outrageous, and we cannot believe the librarians of California realized its full import when they asked to have it made the law of the land.

Literature

"The Story of Gladstone's Life"
By Justin McCarthy. *The Macmillan Co.*

THIS "STORY of a rich and noble life," as Mr. McCarthy appropriately terms it, is still incomplete. The Grand Old Man is with us yet, and the great mass of documentary evidence of which the future historian will avail himself is not now accessible to the biographer. Mr. McCarthy, indeed, expressly disclaims any special source of information concerning his hero, and professes merely to occupy an outsider's point of view. On the other hand, the author's historical studies have enabled him, with more than a mere biographer's art, to give to the figure of his subject its right proportion and setting.

Nor can Mr. McCarthy be correctly described as an outsider in his relation to Mr. Gladstone. For many years they were fellow-members of the British House of Commons, during which period Mr. McCarthy was "fortunate enough to have much interchange of ideas" with Mr. Gladstone, and even to be admitted to his friendship. To this circumstance we owe the interesting reminiscences narrated in the chapter on "Home Rule." Some prejudiced readers there may be whose comprehension of Mr. Gladstone's character and motives is so imperfect as to demand the assurance of his rectitude which Mr. McCarthy has given. Americans, however, for whom the book is avowedly written, were already satisfied that "there is absolutely no truth in the story that Mr. Gladstone, having always been a convinced opponent of Home Rule, came round to the principle all in a flash the moment the Irish Nationalist members became strong enough to hold the balance between rival English parties." Speaking of Ireland, let us quote Mr. Gladstone's appreciation of Daniel O'Connell:—"I think O'Connell's principle characteristic was a passion of philanthropy." As Mr. McCarthy observes, the phrase may well be applied to the speaker himself.

As might have been expected, Mr. McCarthy's recital of Gladstone's life-story is appreciative, sympathetic and pleasantly told. To profundity, exhaustiveness, philosophical treatment, it can make no claim. The reader who looks for subtle analysis of character, for scientific studies of social conditions and historical tendencies, will doubtless be disappointed. One regrets, too, that the closing years of Mr. Gladstone's career have been described in so cursory and allusive a manner. It may be that a feeling of delicacy restrained Mr. McCarthy from seeming to confer importance on a drama in which he himself played a conspicuous part. Whatever the reason, the value of the book is distinctly lessened. Room, too, might well have been made for a few more specimens of Mr. Gladstone's masterly eloquence. Lord Rosebery, in describing the oratory of Pitt, refers in graceful terms to that of Mr. Gladstone. "Pitt's eloquence," he says, "must have greatly resembled that with which Mr. Gladstone has fascinated two generations, not merely in pell-mell and sparkling statement, but in those rolling and interminable sentences, which come thundering in mighty succession like the Atlantic waves on the Biscayan coast,—sentences which other men have 'neither the understanding to form nor the vigor to utter.' It seems, however, to have

lacked the variety and the melody, the modulation of mood, expression and tone, which lend such enchantment to the longest efforts, on the least attractive subjects, of his great successor."

The reform of the Irish Land Laws effected by Mr. Gladstone was denounced as an interference with the freedom of contract. Mr. McCarthy's rejoinder to this criticism is worth quoting. It reminded him, he says, of the chapters in "Monte Cristo" describing the capture of a Parisian banker by an Italian brigand. "The millionaire grows hungry and asks for something to eat. The brigand tells the millionaire he can have anything he likes within reason—fowls, mutton, wine, fruit, pastry and so forth, but they must be paid for. The millionaire says he should like a fowl with some wine. He is told that he can have them, but the brigand puts on them some enormous and unapproachable price. The millionaire storms, the brigand is calm. 'You can take them or leave them, my dear sir,' he says; 'there is no compulsion; here there is perfect freedom of contract.' This was exactly the freedom of contract which the Irish tenant-farmer enjoyed under the landlord system. He was not compelled to pay an increased rent because of the improvements his own skill and labor had made, but if he did not pay he had to pack off out of the land, and was perfectly free to go into the workhouse." The genial satire of this passage is characteristic of Mr. McCarthy. His word-portraits, whether of friends or opponents, are as felicitous as they are just, with a possible exception in the case of Lord Palmerston, to whose character and aims Mr. McCarthy shows himself distinctly antipathetic. Of the irrepressible Randolph Churchill and his ephemeral "Fourth Party" no account is given. Nor is any reference made to the influence of the press on Mr. Gladstone's political conduct. The abolition of the "purchase system" in the army by royal warrant, and the dispatch of General Gordon to Khartoum, were both inspired by the London journals.

The numerous and well-chosen illustrations add greatly to the attractiveness of this bright and interesting book.

"The Workers"

By Walter A. Wyckoff. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. WYCKOFF has proved—if nothing else—that a man in search of adventure has but to attempt to gain a living by the sweat of his brow. He has shown, not quite so clearly, that a sure living, and usually a little more, may be so gained, in this country, provided that one is young, healthy and willing. He set out as a practical student of sociology, to learn the truth about the working-man, starting from a luxurious home on Long Island Sound in a suit of old clothes and without a cent in his pocket. He claims to have been more than once mistaken for a dangerous character during his tramp through Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania, but never for a gentleman; yet his narrative contains evidence that he was sometimes suspected of playing a part, and that his manners and education constantly told in his favor.

He was, at the outset, simply a vagrant, "without visible means of support," and was liable to be ordered to "move on" to any extent, by village constables. He did meet with very uncivil treatment at the hands of a country store-keeper, of whom he had simply asked the way; and when a parson, who thought himself bound to practice what he preached, fed him at his own table, the female members of the parson's family rebelled. The parson, too, made it plain, before they parted, that he saw something in him above the average tramp.

He found nothing better in the way of work than the splitting of logs in payment for meals—an ungracious form of charity, and not the sort of work that can maintain a person's self-respect, until he got to West Point, where an old building was in course of demolition, and the boss gave him a chance to roughen his hands and to acquire the laboring

man's stoop. He learned, too, a new way of reckoning time—by the amount of work exacted of him in the nine hours and a quarter of the working day. "Never was there clearer proof of the pure relativity of time measured by an artificial standard," he says. "Hours had no meaning; there were simply ages of physical torture, and short intervals when the physical reaction was an ecstasy." But, like Tolstoi, he grew to like it. It gave him sound sleep, and a tremendous appetite for dinner and rest. He had two faults to find with his fellow-workers; they were distrustful of one another, and their ordinary speech was little but profanity and foul language.

Five days' work put him in possession of enough money to pay his board bill, and he left the job as he had come to it, empty-handed. He next secured a temporary place as hotel porter. Here he discovered that under-servants are more sociable than laboring men, and put up with much worse food and lodgings. Dinner consisted of scraps left from the upper servants' table, which was furnished from the remnants of what was consumed by the guests; and it was filthily served and alive with flies. After an interval of work as hired man at an asylum, he crossed the mountains to Wilkes-Barre, where, though much work was going on, there was not enough for the army of applicants. His next job was with a farmer who was something of a philosopher; and after that, and another long tramp, he succeeded, by dint of much persistence, in getting himself admitted, as a new hand, to the rights and privileges of a logger. These consisted mostly of a chance to perform the hardest labor he had yet done, and to listen to the most tremendous profanity he had ever heard. He was cursed and his life was threatened for an incapable and worthless greenhorn; but it was discovered that he could keep accounts, and he immediately became a person of consequence and was dignified with the title of Major.

All this work had its attractive side for him. Its novelty and the sense of difficulty and danger that accompanied it gave it a zest which it cannot have for those born to it. It was performed in the open air, and varied, at short intervals, by long walks through pleasant scenery, which our amateur laborer was capable of enjoying. But he is doubtless right in finding that the laborer, while he retains his health and strength, is to be pitied only on the score of ignorance. Almost without exception, the men who were his fellow workers had no resource, when at leisure, but drinking, gambling and worse vices. He maintains that they are capable of better things, but a life of hard physical labor renders that capacity of no avail. As a student of sociology, he, of course, has his pet theories and ideals, and they come to the front once or twice in the course of his narrative. He believes in the possibility of creating an organized and highly disciplined army of labor in the country as well as in the city, and he is not discouraged by the indifference of the actual workers below the grade of mechanics to all notions of solidarity and fellowship. Nor, like others of his school, does he appear to see that the law of waste, which makes the highest results the most expensive, applies to humanity as well as to the lower natures. To try to eliminate that waste is to occasion violent reactions toward a freer play of effort.

But his book depends in no wise on his theories for its very great interest and value. It is almost wholly a record of actual experiences. It is, every now and then, as exciting as a well-contrived romance. It is safe to say that every reader of it will look forward eagerly to the numbers of *Scribner's* which will contain Mr. Wyckoff's account of his adventures in the West.

"The School for Saints"

By John Oliver Hobbes. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

TO SAY THAT this book sparkles with epigrams is merely to repeat in a different form the statement of the title-page in regard to its authorship. One confidently expects Mrs.

Craigie to be brilliant to the last degree, and she does not disappoint the expectation. "The School for Saints," however, contains surprises for her admirers as well as for her critics, if indeed it happens that there are any who have not yet fallen under the charm of her acute insight and apt expression. It is different from anything the author has heretofore produced, and it has no prototype in current fiction. Dealing largely with political life in England during the late sixties and also in some degree with exciting contemporary events in Spain, it is a world away from any recent example of the politico-historical novel. The reader even fancies that it is not as near the accepted type as the author intended it to be. It seems possible that temperament has overborne deliberate intention and carried the writer whither she had not designed to go; for in spite of all the evidence tending to show that she meant to keep the wide life of the great world well to the fore in her tale, it remains in its essence a study of the adventures of the souls of two fine and sensitive human beings, both creatures of unusual spirited perception, in contact with "that school for saints which has often been called the ways of the world."

The external circumstances of Robert Orange and Brigit cause them to play parts of moderate importance in the life of their time. Their accidental connection with Carlist intrigues leads up to exciting, almost sensational, incident, which in a different book—say, one of Mr. Merriman's romances of Spain for instance—would seem a merit. Here, oddly enough, it strikes the reader as an intrusion. The psychological and the historical elements of the book fail to fuse into one convincing picture of human life, as the same elements do fuse in "Romola" for example, and one's sympathy and interest are so overwhelmingly with the analytical parts of the narrative that one resents any trespassing of striking incident upon them. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that the inner life of the chief personages is so intense and absorbing that it practically eclipses for the reader the circumstances of their outward existence, because the latter do not grow out of character so much as they result from chance. To read the book entirely as a study of the inner life is to get from it the finest satisfaction which it is capable of yielding, even if it is also to ignore the author's obvious effort to recognize the importance of the outer world. We use the word effort advisedly, for Mrs. Craigie's carefully-drawn political background is done with conscience rather than with affection. The delightful sketch of Disraeli which the book contains is, however, evidently a work of love. If this is not the celebrated Premier in his habit as he lived, it ought to be. In any event, the reconstruction lives and charms.

It will be seen from all this that "The School for Saints" is laid down upon the lines of a great novel, and that in the critic's judgment it misses being one only by what may almost be called a chemical accident. The elements are all here, but there is a failure in the conditions necessary to make them unite. In the meantime the book must stand as a more interesting thing than a great novel, for it is a keenly intellectual, an intensely spiritual, a passionately religious one. Such a combination in literature of this kind is as rare and as grateful as the union of intellectual acuteness, emotional intensity and religious exaltation which make Robert Orange what he is. Such men exist and are profoundly interesting, but they are too rare and too little understood to have been often the objects of the novelist's art.

Here and there throughout the book are suggestions of the author's earlier manner toward the world. "When we ask for our daily bread, we mean our daily deceptions. The terrible irony of life is the incontestable fact that we cannot exist without a number of intoxicating illusions. They are the wine by which we defy the horrors of the slaughterhouse!" says Lord Reckage, but one knows in some subtle fashion that his creator no longer approves such sentiments as these. Cynicism has given place to insight in her

work, which now is quite as clever and much more true than formerly. At best she was but a heart-sick and reluctant cynic and the task of seer becomes her better.

The book ends with a catastrophe as yet undiscovered by the two who are some day to be overwhelmed by it. An author's note promises the continuance of the story of their lives in a subsequent volume, which the reader dolefully foresees is bound to be a sad one. But even so, if it fulfil the promise of the present volume, it will be sane and brilliant as well as sorrowful.

"A History of Dancing"

From the French of Gaston Vuillier. D. Appleton & Co.

THE DANCE may well be called the mother of all the arts. Painting and sculpture began with the painting of the body and the carving of masks; the drama, music and poetry with the mimetic or pantomimic dance, and its accompaniments. M. Gaston Vuillier might, therefore, have begun his "History of Dancing" farther back than historic Greece and Egypt. Still, the dances figured on Greek vases and Egyptian frescoes probably came down very little changed from the earliest times. They mostly had a religious significance which, doubtless, preserved them from change.

In the splendidly illustrated volume of M. Vuillier, the head-piece to Chapter I. shows Egyptian figurantes posturing before an altar decorated with lotus buds, and in a reproduction of Mr. Bridgman's picture, "The Procession of Apis," a nearly nude dancer accompanying the sacred bull. In the careless French fashion the author introduces pictures of old Hebrew sacred dances after Dominichino and Hans Schäufelein, neither of whom possessed anything like the archaeological knowledge displayed by Bridgman; but in regard to Greek dancers, vases and terra-cottas furnish an abundance of illustrations which are supplemented by modern pictures by Bouguereau, Hirsch and others. A half-tone print of Mr. Macmonnies' "Bacchante" decorates a blank page at the beginning of the volume. Gustave Moreau's fantastic Salome, which is reproduced in photogravure, is as full of Asiatic detail as Bridgman's picture of Egyptian; but Moreau, if more poetical, is less reliable in such matters than the American artist. The chapter on dancing in the Middle Ages begins, too, with dances which formed part of the church ceremonies, and in which the bishops led; and according to St. Basil the angels do nothing but dance in heaven. The pictures and woodcuts of the Dance of Death, which abounded in the Middle Ages, are however of another character. They are satiric, and neither religious nor joyous; but the dancing boys of Dela Robbia and Donatello make a pleasing contrast to the too animated skeletons of the Dance of Death. Several stately mediæval dances are figured after manuscripts in the famous French collections. From a manuscript Froissart in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal is taken a picture of the famous *Ballet des Ardens*, and a dance of oddly-costumed clowns comes out of a manuscript in the Bodleian Library. The grand ballet of the French renaissance, the farandole, the gaillarde, the pavane get a chapter to themselves, among the illustrations to which is an admirable photogravure of Cluet's interesting painting of "The Duc de Joyeuse's Ball." "A ball in the time of Louis XIII" is copied from an old engraving of Abraham Bosse, and a painting by Pourbus is reproduced in half-tone to show us how they danced at the court of Albert and Isabella of the Netherlands. Callot's grotesques Franca Trippa and Fritellino, and Franschina and Gian Farina, appear as a matter of course, and also his etchings of the dances of demons and others performed in 1616 before the good Duke of Tuscany. The music of an ancient pavane, "Belle qui tiens ma vie," is reproduced. It was sung by the dancers. Louis XIV is represented in his famous ballet costume as Le Roi Soleil, and there is a small reproduction of an old print of the ballet of the Triumph of Love, in which (in 1681) women first appeared on the French stage.

The court did not monopolize the dancing in that age, and pictures of peasants dancing, after Teniers, and of bourgeois children dancing the Saraband, after Roybet, illustrate the fact. There is the music of a saraband, "Le Carnaval." It is intended for the guitar. The charming little engravings by St. Aubin and Eisen, and the paintings of Watteau and Tiepolo show what the dances of the eighteenth century were like. They were very formal despite the worship of the natural that characterized the latter part of the century. The ballet of Pygmalion may be signalized as the height of the ridiculous in this *genre*, but is not much more laughable than the make-up of Mme. Vestris as a shepherdess. The Revolution, as we know, had its special dances, allegorical and other; and the mania for dancing that then broke out is ridiculed in a print after Débucourt in which fat old gentlemen and sylph-like damsels emulate each other in the awkwardness of their attitudes. Some of the ball-dresses of the Directory are, however, decidedly pretty notwithstanding the *neo-grec* affectations of the period. Spanish dances, the jaleo, the fandango, the seguidillas, have a chapter which is all their own and in which appears a full-page reproduction of Mr. Sargent's celebrated portrait of La Carmencita. The beauties of the modern ballet are not forgotten, but are illustrated after Renouard, Carrier-Belleuse and Degas, and after Mr. Whistler's portrait of Connie Gilchrist, of which there is a full-page photogravure.

The volume ends with an account of Loie Fuller's serpentine dance, "undulating and luminous, full of weird grace and originality, a veritable revelation"—of all that is best in the entire history of the dance.

Molière

Translated by Miss K. P. Wormeley. Vol. V. Roberts Bros.

THE DAY AFTER Christmas, 235 years ago, it was recorded that Molière's "L'Ecole des Femmes" ("How to Bring up a Wife") scored a dazzling triumph and "made their Majesties laugh till they held their sides" as they watched the play when it was represented at the Palais Royal. People took sides: Boileau praised, Fénelon blamed; even Jean-Jacques in a later generation, and Geoffrey, censured the audacity of the poet, some of his contemporaries even holding that he parodied the sermons of the time and reproduced almost *verbatim* the concluding benediction of a preacher, in one of the famous scenes between Arnolphe and Agnes. Louis XIV laughed; and the play was saved.

Miss Wormeley has selected this comedy with its companion piece, "L'Ecole des Maris" ("The School for Husbands"), and "M. de Pourceaugnac," to fill her fifth volume of spirited and idiomatic translations from the greatest of all comic writers, who was also one of the saddest and most heart-stricken of men. The comedy that made their Majesties "laugh" was a true picture of Molière's own folly in marrying a woman young enough to be his daughter, for he had then been married a year to Armande Béjart, the "fury," who had turned out to be his "fate." Only a year before this ill-assorted match he had written "The School for Husbands," the story of an old fool marrying a young one; a year after, he wrote the "Fâcheux" and made a painful revelation of his own domestic infelicity in scenes of jealousy that a malicious world applied only too eagerly to him. The "Contemplator," as Boileau profoundly called this great artist in human frailty, observed everybody but himself. His vast powers of thought failed in their application to his own life, as they failed with Milton and Bulwer, with Byron and Dickens. The world might break out in an unanimous chorus of eulogy over the powerful conception, comic vim, and charming style of these husband-and-wife plays, but alas! they were too painfully true, too autobiographic in the "light of other days," bits of personal experience scarlet with Molière's own life-blood. Under the laugh lay a sob. The drollery was incomprehensible, but it was like the distortion in the face of Laocoön.

Sganerelle in "The School for Husbands" is the first "live" man in all this swarming comedy of France, with all its stuffed figures, padded manikins and borrowed artificialities,—almost the first human face in Molière's huge picture-gallery, after 1660 to be so brimful of real, breathing physiognomies. Perhaps it required the breaking of the alabaster-box of precious ointment—the breaking of a human heart—the tragedy of Armande Béjart—before Molière, by dipping his pen in his own blood, could produce a living man, a perfect woman. Miss Wormeley's work brings all these ancient things very vividly before us in thoroughly modern form. One may find fault with the English of Molière's "Dedication" of the first play as she translates it,—for certain apparent confusions and antiquities in pronouns; but the text as a rule flows gracefully and correctly on and must do much to popularize a great genius and a good man.

"King Arthur and the Table Round"

By W. W. Newell. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IT IS often most interesting to trace the evolution of a great work of art out of the crude material which originally suggested it into its permanent form of perfect beauty. Thus, in the study of the Madonna's face, what a vast hyphen, long as a parallel of latitude, must span the gulf that connects the faces of Byzantium, the slim, sorrowful, almost sardonic Virgins of Cimabue and Giotto, with the radiant dream-faces of Correggio or the marvellous visions of Raffaelle! From the crude gold to the delicate coin, from the *brutum fulmen* to the tamed and harnessed incandescent globe in all its softened glory, what a leap! Veritably like the leap from Abraham to Dives!

Mr. Newell's most interesting book is a good illustration of our contention. Long ages ago there lived an old Frenchman named Crestien de Troyes, who took it into his head to write in ancient French the legends of King Arthur and the Table Round, legends then (in the twelfth century or thereabouts) ripe all over Europe. In sunny Champagne grew up this Homer of the Fairy Tale in whose brilliant and moving pages all medieval Europe was to live and breathe and chant; a man absolutely unknown except as a minstrel unrivaled in the brightness and picturesqueness of his stories; a poet, painter, and moralist who may well take from Dante some of his glamour as the greatest delineator of the Dark Ages. Mr. Newell justly complains of the unmerited neglect and even oblivion into which this great rhapsode and singer, whose hero was the Blameless King, has fallen, overshadowed as he has been in the eyes of the Germans by their Wolfram von Eschenbach, in Italy by Dante, and in England by Chaucer. The delicate charm of these delightful adaptations of Mr. Newell's goes far to justify the immense popularity of Crestien in the Middle Ages and the fascination of the Celtic Arthur after the subject of colossal Charlemagne. The contrasting forms of these mighty heroes—Arthur and Charlemagne—stand huge and spectral before us everywhere at this twilight time, from Iceland to Sicily. Crestien gathered up the stories of Arthur and wrought them into a mighty extravaganza celebrating the advent of chivalry, the glories of knight-errantry, the beauty of captive damsel and of puissant earl, weaving into his voluminous rhythms all the colors and customs, the lights and shades, the ups and downs of fantastic Christendom in the times of the early Crusades.

Scholars are still working at Crestien's text and exhuming what he wrote into clear print, and Mr. Newell is right when he attributes to this facile genius more than to any other the character of extant Arthurian story. From Crestien to Tennyson, from beautiful shining ore to finished, perfect product, is a jump of 700 years, and yet it is easily made with the help of such publications as this. The Arthur legend as we know it fountains in a "many-fountain'd Ida," one glittering well of which is the old Champagne

singer. Malory and Nennius, Geoffrey of Malmesbury and many another busy sprite labored on the enchanted carpet, giving tints and hues from unknown lands, but to Crestien is probably due the glory of having shaped these gorgeous tales as we know them now. Tennyson fondly called the Arthur cycle "the greatest of all poetical subjects," and though he unfortunately knew not Crestien, worked on it through Malory and the *Mabinogion* for thirty years, as Goethe ruminated over the Faust-legend for more than fifty. It is a pity that the Laureate did not know the gracious and lovely creations of the French singer, for he could not but have admired so dainty a thing as "*Erec and Erride*" or one so poetical as "*Alexander and Soredamor*." The "patient Griselda" of Chaucer and Boccaccio is hardly a prettier tale than "*Erec and Erride*" in Mr. Newell's archaic version. Many beautiful things besides these enrich the two volumes: *Perceval*, the Maid with the Narrow Sleeves, Merlin, Lancelot of the Lake, the Quest of the Holy Grail, the Maid of Exalot, and the Death of Arthur. A master of poetical narration, Crestien tells these stories with unrivaled simplicity, directness, and objectivity. To him Arthur and Guinevere, Lancelot and Sir Gawain, Merlin and Sir Galahad are majestic realities, not pale symbolic figures whose inner significance glows like a mystic incandescence inside of a nebulous veil. Very real are the traits and characteristics, the virtues and vices, the battles and feastings that he paints. It remained for the great modern poet dreamer to take up these splendid lumps of crude ore and work them into exquisite shapes of fantasy or symbolism after the fashion of another age. What he would have made of them had he had access to Crestien's treasure-chamber is a matter for curious speculation; but Mr. Newell contends that in this case at any rate Tennyson would not have practically traduced, as he has done, the noble and chivalrous character of Gawain—a knight who, in Wolfram's system, was the incarnation of temporal chivalry.

Delightful is it to trace out these ancient things to their beginnings, and thankful should we be that at the two ends the glittering skein is held up by such artists as Crestien and Tennyson.

Poetry and Verse

1. *Victory, and Other Verses.* By Hannah Parker Kimball. Cope-
land & Day. 2. *Out of the Silence.* By John Vance Cheney.
Cope-land & Day. 3. *An Octave to Mary.* By John B. Tabb.
New York: M. F. Mansfield.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE, half-mystical poetry of Mrs. Hannah Parker Kimball (1) may be read with interest and profit. Like the majority of similar collections, it would have been all the better for a little winnowing. The title-poem, for instance, which is dramatic in form but not in quality, does not deserve its conspicuous position. The "Daughter of Herodias," on the other hand, is characterized by strong dramatic feeling, though somewhat marred by infelicities of expression. Indeed, in many of these poems the matter is better than the manner; the thought may be striking as well as true, but the expression is hardly adequate or clear. The influence of Browning may perhaps be traced in Mrs. Kimball's poems of soul-study—e.g., "An After Glimpse" and "The Lesser Nature to the Greater"; while "Consecration," "Humility," "Complacence," and the like, breathe an aroma which, though fainter, is no less sweet than that of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Mrs. Kimball excels in little studies from nature, such as "After the Storm," "Evening Scene," etc., which resemble in effect a delicate etching. The poems which embody her reflections on human destiny or the results of her spiritual experience are impressive in form as well as convincing in their sincerity. And yet one sometimes feels that the idea loses rather than gains by the symbolic setting; that truth, no less than beauty, when unadorned is adorned the most. The simple "At Dusk" and "Love Song" have more of poetic charm. We quote the latter:

" Might I sit at your feet on a summer's day,
On a summer's day, when the sky is blue,
And the air is soft,
Gazing aloft,
How should I dream that day away,
Being by you ?

" But nay. No vision would come, my own;
I should need no dream with you so near.
I should dream no dream,
But it would seem
That a perfect love is life alone,
In Heaven, and here."

Mr. John Vance Cheney's message to the world (2) is one of cheer and hopefulness. He sings of Nature in her moods of gayety and repose; the "joy of life," in the best sense of the term, is strong within him. Now and then, in poems like "The Body and the Soul," he preaches a sterner moral; but his normal poetic temper is almost carelessly optimistic. At times, indeed, as for example in "The Mad Peter," he sadly overworks his humor and fancy in exploiting a trivial theme. As with many an ambitious vocalist, his middle notes, his unforced natural tones, are by far the most pleasing. Here is a characteristic piece:—

"A POET OF THE BOUGH."

" There is no tint on ground,
No blissful hue above,
He will not turn to perfect sound,
The voice of joy and love.

" O, rules are foolish things,
As dust and ashes, art;
The very shimmer of those wings
Is kindled at his heart."

" An Octave to Mary" (3) contains a dozen tiny poems in Father Tabb's well-known manner. As expressions of what may be called the religious fancy, they are not without charm. Gems they are not, except in size.

New Books and New Editions

THE ILLUSTRATIONS to the new edition of Thoreau's "Walden" are photogravures of places, persons and things connected with the author on his abode in the woods. There are views of white pond, of Thoreau's hut, his birth-place, the Concord River, and the old Marlborough Road, pictures of Thoreau's furniture, of the fine trees planted by him, of his flute and spy-glass and copy of Wilson's Ornithology, portraits of Thoreau, Emerson, Alcott and of Thoreau's jailer, Samuel Staples, who put him under lock and key when he refused to pay his taxes. It is enough to add that, typographically, the book is worthy of the Riverside Press. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—MR. MICHAEL SHOEMAKER'S "Islands of the Southern Seas" is to be a book of travels in Hawaii, Samoa, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia and Java; and will contain many illustrations and maps. Judging from the advance sheets which we have seen, it will be well printed, and should form a welcome addition to the rapidly growing literature on the Pacific Islands. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

" A BOOK of old English Love-Songs" naturally includes many already to be found in other miscellanies; but the volume has a valid excuse for being in the pretty designs by Mr. George Wharton Edwards which accompany many of the verses. Mr. Edwards is an eccentric and has formed a sort of composite style from the study of old copperplates and modern pen-and-ink work, and he knows how to introduce effectively cupids and butterflies, hour-glasses and torches. His designs are suitable to such *naïve* artificialities as Herrick's "To Anthaea" and Heywood's "To Phillis," and are seldom out of place. But we wonder why Ariel's songs from "The Tempest" have been included in a book of love songs. The cover is gorgeous in dark green and gold. (The Macmillan Co.)—THE "FAIRY-STORIES and Wonder-Tales" by Thomas Dunn English, from Harper's, St. Nicholas, The Independent, and other periodicals, are well worthy of being reprinted, as they are among the very best recent work in their kind. Who that has traveled with Jokkoree through the enchanted realms of Dunderland and Klienerberg, will not be pleased to meet again with the giant Steelbody and the beauteous Jokkororum? And who will not gladly read again of the adventures of Strongarm, and of Sir Jack, the terrible and the jewel princesses? In their present form they are illustrated with half-tone pictures by Elizabeth S. Tucker. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

MISS JANE BARLOW'S "Irish Idylls," sure to be recognized in the future as classics, are worthy of the handsome form in which they appear in the new edition illustrated by Mr. Clifton Johnson. The illustrations are from photographs after nature, worked over only just so much as was necessary to secure good reproductions

in half-tone photo engravings. They are thus not only an adornment to the book, but are evidence of the fidelity of Miss Barlow's descriptions. As the author says, in her short preface, "there are plenty of things besides turf to be found in a bog," and Mr. Johnson's pictures show us pleasant glimpses of the sort of human nature that sometimes flourishes there, and the sort of dwellings that it makes for itself. Among the most interesting are "A Lisconnel Interior," "On the Edge of the Bogland," "Farmer Holford's Jaunting-Car," with a fine view of mountain and lake, and the picture of the gossips spinning and knitting, "A Cabin Door." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

HAVING TAKEN the audacious title "If I were God," Mr. Le Gallienne has given the reader who looked for something daring and profane, a prettily worded report of a conversation between a young man who thought himself a very determined doubter, and a young woman whose temperament and training had made her an unreasoning believer. The result of their little talk about life and its joys and sorrows, is a slight weakening on the part of the young man, and a slight strengthening of the young woman's illogical convictions. This will please those who share her blind faith; but it will disgust those who looked for something really naughty—not for a harm's sake, unnecessary tract. Mr. Le Gallienne should beware how he disappoints the reasonable expectations based upon a sensational title. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—"THE TEMPEST," edited by Mr. F. S. Boas of Balliol College, Oxford, whose "Shakespeare and his Predecessors" we have already had occasion to commend heartily, has been added to the Arden Shakespeare, and is one of the best volumes of the series up to the present time. The historical and critical introduction is particularly good. (D. C. Heath & Co.)

THE CHOICE OF Mlle. Madeleine Lemaire to illustrate a luxurious edition of Owen Meredith's "Lucile" could hardly be improved on. The illustrator of "L'Abbé Constantin" is at home in the scenes suggested by the poem. Her Comtesse de Nevers and Lord Alfred Vargrove have real flesh and blood under their fashionable attire and are human in drawing rooms and by Alpine lakes. The original water-color drawings, reproduced in all their accidental tints and gradations, are separately printed on heavy plate paper. There are twelve of these facsimiles, and many dozens of smaller pen-and-ink illustrations by C. McCormick Rogers, printed in the text. The cover has a very pretty design of *fleurs de lis* in gold on rough green canvas. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Shakespeare First Folios in this Country.—Mr. William H. Fleming of New York sends me the following note:—

"In *Notes and Queries* of Sept. 18, Mr. Holcombe Ingleby attempts to give a list of the Shakespeare First Folios now in existence. He mentions forty-five copies, of which three only are in the United States; these are the copies belonging to Mr. Augustin Daly, Mr. Robert Hoe and the Lenox Library, all of New York.

I can supplement this list with nineteen other copies. The New York Public Library possesses three copies in addition to the one specified by Mr. Ingleby. Each of the following individuals or institutions possesses one:—Library of Columbia University, New York; Mr. Elihu Chauncy, New York; Mr. W. A. White, New York; E. D. Church, New York; Theodore Irwine, Oswego, N. Y.; Boston Public Library; Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.; Library of the late Francis B. Hayes, Lexington, Mass.; Horace Howard Furness, LL.D., Philadelphia, Pa.; L. Z. Letterer, Washington, D. C.; Library of the late Mr. George Leib Harrison, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Charles H. Kalbfleisch; Library of the late Charles W. Frederickson; Mr. Henry F. Sewall; Mr. Joseph McDonough and Mr. Robert Lenox Kennedy. The last five copies mentioned were in the possession of the gentlemen named, in 1888, when I prepared a paper on "The Bibliography of the First Folios in New York City." Since then they may have changed hands. Of the present ownership of the other fourteen copies, there is no doubt whatever."

I have no doubt that there are not a few other copies of the Folio in this country, and the publication of Mr. Fleming's note will probably be the means of bringing us information of some of them. I am confident that several are in private libraries in

Boston and vicinity, though at the moment I cannot locate them. The whole number of copies in existence has been variously stated as from fifty to one hundred and fifty. If Mr. Ingleby knows of forty-five, including only three in this country, it is certain that the whole number considerably exceeds fifty, but I doubt whether it approximates to a hundred. I have read or heard, on what at the time I regarded as good authority, that full one-half of the existing copies are in this country, but this is probably an exaggeration.

Col. Hay on Omar Khayyam

COL. JOHN HAY's recent address at the Omar Khayyam Club's dinner in London, has been pronounced "a masterpiece of literary oratory." It is reported verbatim in *The Daily Chronicle*, from whose columns we take pleasure in reprinting it. Col. Hay, who was the guest of the evening, said:—

I cannot sufficiently thank you for the high and unmerited honor you have done me to-night. I feel keenly that on such an occasion, with such company, my place is below the salt; but as you kindly invited me, it was not in human nature for me to refuse. Although in knowledge and comprehension of the two great poets whom you are met to commemorate I am the least among you, there is no one who regards them with greater admiration, or reads them with more enjoyment, than myself. I can never forget my emotions when I first saw FitzGerald's translations of the Quatrains. Keats, in his sublime ode on Chapman's Homer, has described the sensation once for all:—

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken."

The exquisite beauty, the faultless form, the singular grace of those amazing stanzas, were not more wonderful than the depth and breadth of their profound philosophy, their knowledge of life, their dauntless courage, their serene facing of the ultimate problems of life and of death. Of course the doubt did not spare me, which has assailed many as ignorant as I was of the literature of the East, whether it was the poet or his translator to whom was due this splendid result. Was it, in fact, a reproduction of an antique song, or a mystification of a great modern, careless of fame, and scornful of his time? Could it be possible that in the eleventh century, so far away as Khorassan, so accomplished a man of letters lived, with such distinction, such breadth, such insight, such calm disillusion, such cheerful and jocund despair? Was this Weltschmerz, which we thought a malady of our day, endemic in Persia in 1100? My doubt only lasted till I came upon a literal translation of the Rubaiyat, and I saw that not the least remarkable quality of FitzGerald's poem was its fidelity to the original.

In short, Omar was a FitzGerald before the letter, or FitzGerald was a reincarnation of Omar. It is not to the disadvantage of the later poet that he followed so closely in the footsteps of the earlier. A man of extraordinary genius had appeared in the world; had sung a song of incomparable beauty and power in an environment no longer worthy of him, in a language of narrow range; for many generations the song was virtually lost; then by a miracle of creation, a poet, a twin-brother in the spirit to the first, was born, who took up the forgotten poem and sang it anew with all its original melody and force, and all the accumulated refinement of ages of art. It seems to me idle to ask which was the greater master; each seems greater than his work. The song is like an instrument of precious workmanship and marvellous tone, which is worthless in common hands, but when it falls, at long intervals, into the hands of the supreme master, it yields a melody of transcendent enchantment to all that have ears to hear. If we look at the sphere of influence of the two poets, there is no longer any comparison. Omar sang to a half barbarous province. FitzGerald to the world. Wherever the English speech is spoken or read, the Rubaiyat have taken their place as a classic. There is not a hill-post in India, nor a village in England, where there is not a coterie to whom Omar Khayyam is a familiar friend and a bond of union. In America he has an equal following, in many regions and conditions. In the Eastern States his adepts form an esoteric sect; the beautiful volume of drawings by Mr. Vedder is a centre of delight and suggestion wherever it exists. In the cities of the West you will find the Quatrains one of the most thoroughly read books in every club library. I heard him quoted once in one of the most lonely and desolate spots of the high Rockies. We had been camping on the Great Divide, our "roof of the world," where in the space of a few feet you may see two springs,

one sending its waters to the Polar solitudes, the other to the eternal Carlo summer. One morning at sunrise as we were breaking camp, I was startled to hear one of our party, a frontiersman born, intoning these words of sombre majesty:—

"Tis but a tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of death addressed.
The Sultan rises and the dark ferrâsh
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest."

I thought that sublime setting of primeval forest and pouring cañon was worthy of the lines; I am sure the dewless, crystalline air never vibrated to strains of more solemn music. Certainly, our poet can never be numbered among the great popular writers of all time. He has told no story; he has never unpacked his heart in public; he has never thrown the reins on the neck of the winged horse, and let his imagination carry him where it listed. "Ah! the crowd must have emphatic warrant," as Browning sang. Its suffrages are not for the cool, collected observer, whose eye no glitter can dazzle, no mist suffuse. The many cannot but resent that air of lofty intelligence, that pale and subtle smile. But he will hold a place forever among that limited number who, like Lucretius and Epicurus—without rage or defiance, even without unbecoming mirth—look deep into the tangled mysteries of things; refuse credence to the absurd, and allegiance to arrogant authority; sufficiently conscious of fallibility to be tolerant of all opinions; with a faith too wide for doctrine and a benevolence untrammeled by creed; too wise to be wholly poets, and yet too surely poets to be implacably wise.

Notes from Paris

THE speaking at the recent American University banquet was of an unusually high order, and the new Consul General, Mr. John K. Gowdy, whom the American reporters had represented to us as a sort of "Wild Man of the West," proved for the second time since his arrival among us, that he is an exceptionally good presiding officer and toast-master; for he filled these two difficult rôles Wednesday evening. Gen. Porter's speech on the part played by the collegeman in the Civil War was the best he has made here. Père Hyacinthe's peroration was an eloquent apotheosis of the American woman, an individual with whom he has a larger acquaintance than most foreigners, as his wife and daughter-in-law were both American citizens.

Heretofore I had never heard M. Gaston Paris elsewhere than seated at his seminary table at the College of France. But his "Penseurs et Poètes" (Paris: Calmann Lévy), published last year and made up of literary essays and biographical sketches, showed that he could do first-class work outside of his special field. So I was not surprised when he gave us the other evening a most able address on the French Universities. What he said about the powerful influence exerted by Americans on the development and modifications now going on in higher education in France was most gratifying to our ears. If it had not come from a scholar like M. Gaston Paris, we might have thought it mere flattery. But as it was, his statements are really notable and greatly to the honor of our educators and students who flock to Paris in increasing numbers every year.

The oratorial gifts of the ex-President of Rochester University, Dr. David Jayne Hill, have shone at some of your New York public dinners. So you will not be surprised to learn that his speech, devoted to the American Universities, was, perhaps, the ablest of the series. Dr. Hill, by the way, has taken an apartment here for the winter and has already settled down to work. Besides devoting considerable time to further study of some of his favorite economic subjects, he is collecting materials for a historical volume about which more definite information cannot now be given.

Mr. Trist Wood, a graduate of Tulane University and editor of the *Quartier Latin*, responded wittily at this same banquet for the American students "on the other side of the Seine," whose co-operation M. Gaston Paris had returned than's for a few minutes before. Mr. Wood's monthly, by the way, with its striking illustrations and its delightful tinge of Bohemia, begins its second year under most flattering auspices. It offers a remarkable example of that boldness of the American spirit which, even in this centre of the world's art and art eccentricities, does not hesitate to enter the arena and bid, and bid successfully, for honors.

Speaking of Père Hyacinthe a moment ago reminds me that his wife is about to publish a book entitled "In the Lands of Islam," which is a plea for a reconciliation between the beliefs of the three great monotheistic religions—Jews, Christians and Moslems. A French edition of the volume is also to be brought out.

I have mentioned once or twice in these letters the close relations that once existed between the Lamartine and Ollivier families. A recently published volume, "Valentine de Lamartine" (Paris: La Librairie Illustrée), from the pen of Mme. Marie Thérèse Ollivier, the wife of M. Emile Ollivier, has brought me from the former an interesting letter from which I am permitted to make the following extract:

"My little book is a work of pure sentiment, the expansion of a fond recollection of a never-to-be-forgotten friendship. From the time my husband obtained from the Emperor the pension of 25 000 francs which smoothed the last years of Lamartine's life, a close friendship sprung up between us and Valentine. As the little house in which we now live was being repaired and so was uninhabitable at the moment my husband was overthrown, August 9, 1870, Mme. de Lamartine offered us shelter at the Chalet, and it was there that we spent the few remaining days which we passed in Paris before the revolution of September 4. A year later a son was born to us whom we had the misfortune to lose. We named him Jocelyn and Mme. de Lamartine was the godmother. She appointed my husband her executor and to him it was left to decide what should be done with the manuscripts confided by Lamartine to his heirs. These manuscripts contained nothing new,—all had been published. The most important were handed over by my husband to the National Library. To me was left the most precious jewel which Valentine possessed—the seal ring which Lamartine had cut for his wife and on which was engraved this motto: 'A cœur Vaillant, rien d' impossible.' Valentine de Lamartine always wore it after the death of her aunt. . . . It seems to me that Lamartine must be loved in the United States, for he always had a strong affection for Americans, though he lost large sums of money in American securities at the time of the War of Secession."

Referring in this same letter to M. Emile Ollivier's *Magnum opus* concerning the Second Empire, Mme. Ollivier says: "The volume which he is now busy upon has to do with the Crimean and Italian wars. The papers of Marshal Vaillant, which he has examined, have made it possible for him to offer many incited documents. Other papers, which came to him from another source, will reveal facts hitherto quite unknown concerning the parts played by Germany, England and Russia at the moment when the Italian war broke out. Private and personal recollections, carefully noted at the time, made it possible for the author to present in a more circumstantial and authentic manner the actions of the Emperor in his foreign and diplomatic relations."

Senator Joseph Fabre, whom I have had occasion to mention here once or twice in connection with his play of "Joan of Arc," which Mr. Daly is to bring out this season in New York, is now engaged on an historic drama to be entitled "Washington," in which the prominent characters are the Father of his Country, of course, Lafayette, Jefferson, Hamilton and above all Washington's mother, to whom M. Fabre gives a very important and interesting rôle. I understood that an American manager is already in negotiation with Senator Fabre for the English rights of his new play.

The Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat, whom many of your readers will remember as the official delegate of France at the Chicago Congresses in 1893, is busy on an elaborate technical study of the modern man-of-war and also on his report to the French government of the Congresses at the recent Brussels international exhibition.

A word from Mme. Blanc, who is in the country and has not yet returned to her new Paris home, says:—"I was enchanted with my second sojourn in America. My articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* concerning my visit will be devoted chiefly to Canada, where I long tarried with deep interest."

Prof. Charles Seignobos's "Histoire Contemporaine," which has been highly praised by critics on both sides of the Atlantic as the best account of European history since the fall of Napoleon, has appeared in two different Russian translations. American historical readers who do not understand French will be glad to know that three offers have been made to the publisher—M. Armand Colin—to bring out an English edition.

I may close this budget of notes with this literary "show," which comes to me from Mr. B. H. Blackwell, to the effect that he sells more volumes of Browning than Longfellow. "It must be remembered, however," he continues, "that I am speaking only as an Oxford bookseller whose business lies almost exclusively with members of the university." When one bears in mind the extraordinary popularity which Longfellow enjoys in England, this statement becomes all the more significant.

THEODORE STANTON.

"Virgil" versus "Vergil"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I read recently your excellent review of Harper's "Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities."

While I agree in the main with what you review says, I must take exception to one point in your criticism, that seems to me scarcely to reach below the mere surface of things. Your article closes with the remark:—"When the new edition appears, we hope that the editor will have been prevailed upon to replace the spelling 'Vergil' by 'Virgil'; for while 'Vergilius' is plainly correct for the Latin, 'Virgil' is just as much an English word as 'Horace,' or 'Livy.'"

Now, while it may be correct to say that "Virgil" is just as much an English word as "Horace" or "Livy," this fact is not in any way connected with the substitution of *i* for *e* in the first syllable, but rather with the dropping or modification of the Latin termination—a change that "Horace" and "Livy" have in like manner undergone from "Horatius" and "Livius." The form "Virgil" is the English of "Vergilius," not of "Vergilius"; and "Vergilius" was long believed to be correct Latin. When the attention of philologists was drawn to the fact that the spelling "Vergilius" was probably a mere fancy of the mediaeval period, and that "Vergilius" was the true Latin form, an effort was made to correct the error, and German philological magazines, as early as 1845-50, adopted both "Vergilius" and "Vergil." Since then, the correct spelling has become widely current.

The practical objection to "Virgil" is that it is misleading, while it is in no real degree more English in form than "Vergil." No such objection applies to "Horace" and "Livy." The ancient form "Horatius" drops naturally into the modern "Horace," and "Livius" into "Livy." But there is no analogy or parallel for the change of "Vergilius" to "Virgil." The exchange of *e* for *i* was a violent alteration, due largely to a desire of the copyists to force the word into association with the root of *virgo* or else of *virga*—perhaps a very pretty and pious conceit, but no more reasonable or scientific than would be a similar exchange of vowel-sounds in the first syllable of Tennyson or Spenser.

There is an incongruity between "Vergilius" and "Virgil" that does not appear between "Horatius" and "Horace," "Livius" and "Livy," "Martialis" and "Martial," "Juvenalis" and "Juvenal," "Terentius" and "Terence"; and to guard against this incongruity is not in the least degree more foolish or pedantic than to correct any other mistake in orthography, resulting from the carelessness, the ignorance, or the pious vagaries of mediaeval copyists and commentators. The fact that the spelling "Virgil" has for some time been in vogue in England is no argument against the use of the equally good English form "Vergil." If it were, we might hold to the Latin "Vergilius," on the ground that for centuries it was the accepted spelling in all editions of the poet. Accordingly, for the maintenance of correct scholarship against mediaeval inaccuracy and conceit, it is preferable, in my judgment, to preserve the *e*, whether in the Latin "Vergilius" or its naturally Anglicized form of "Vergil." The story of the causes that led to the change may be found in many recent editions of the poet, or in the Classical Dictionary.

SIDNEY G. ASHMORE.

UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

[The suggestion regarding the spelling of "Virgil" to which Prof. Ashmore takes exception, was prompted by the fact that, according to unmistakable signs, the spelling "Vergil" has had its day. If there were any prospect that all would unite sometime on "Vergil," we could agree upon that as the proper English form; but the spelling "Vergil" has never spread beyond scholastic circles, and even among scholars the use of this spelling has been quite limited. Surely, Prof. Ashmore would not have regarded the late Prof. Sellar, or H. A. J. Munro, as indifferent to the claims of accurate scholarship in philological matters; yet the latest editions of the works of both have "Virgil." The charge of carelessness on a point of so much importance could hardly be sustained against Ludwig Schwabe, the scholarly reviser of Teuffel's "Geschichte der römischen Literatur"; but the fifth edition of this standard work still has "Virgil," except in cases where the Latin form is given in full. The most important among recent books in English dealing with any phase of Roman literature (R. Y. Tyrrell's "Latin Poetry") and the latest school edition of the poet (by D. Y. Comstock) both have "Virgil." It is needless to multiply examples.

Notwithstanding the correctness of the form "Vergilius" for the Latin (which nobody doubts), the spelling "Vergil" has not become fixed in the modern languages, and cannot become general. The reasons, of which one or two may be mentioned here, are not far to seek. In the first place, the proposed change of spelling is supported by no change in the pronunciation; if we could insist upon a change of pronunciation and of spelling at the same time, so that the dictionaries would be forced to adopt the latter in order to guard the former, there would be a fairer chance that "Vergil" would ultimately prevail. But in matters of orthography those who write a language will generally consult their own convenience, rather than the dictum of advanced scholarship; the mass of mankind have no reverence for a derivation. It is certainly easier to spell as others have spelled before us; and men will not change the spelling of a word to which they are accustomed, unless there is something to be gained by it more than a suggestion of a derivation in which the majority have no interest.

Experience shows that it is extremely difficult to exempt a single word from the fate of the class or category in which it belongs. Prof. Ashmore's argument affects a large number of words. If we must write "Vergil" because of "Vergilius," we must also spell "sæcular" because of "sæcularis," "cælestia" because of "cælestis," and so on. That "Vergil" is not an English word in the sense that "Virgil" is, must become apparent on a moment's reflection: "Vergil" is the form that, used by writers from an early period, comes naturally to the pen point of everyone who has not schooled himself to write the other form; "Vergil" is a Latin-English form, introduced against common usage for the reason that Prof. Ashmore has stated. Unless the linguistic feeling of English-writing people can be educated so as to prefer, instinctively, the Latin spelling to the current English spelling of a large number of words, the attempt to establish "Vergil" by itself as the current form is hopeless.

It may be worth while to add an incident in order to illustrate the present tendency among scholars to abandon "Vergil." Shortly after the review to which Prof. Ashmore refers was published in these columns, there met in New York an important committee of the American Philological Association, together with a number of classical men from schools in different parts of the country. As it became apparent that the name "Virgil" would appear several times in the report of the committee, the question arose, which spelling should be preferred. It was moved that the spelling "Virgil" should be adopted. The motion prevailed with only two dissenting votes. [THE REVIEWER.]

The Two Books

OF old in Edinborough town,
The houses opposite in Dickson's Close,
With timbered gables frowning down,
Approached each other nearer as they rose,
So nervous folk without a spasm
Would touch across the dizzy chasm.

A grandam held an open book
Out of her window, half across the way,
That grandsire opposite might look
Through glasses that supplied the excluded day;
And so he sat and scanned the pages—
A pretty picture at their ages.

They disappeared, and quick a boy
Leaned from the grandam's window and was met
By a young girl; to them 'twas joy
To kiss and clasp,—the example recent set
By old folk in each neighboring gable
To lend a hint to youth was able.

The book the elder ones perused,
One could not read its name so far below;
But that the other pair amused
Its title plainly on the street did show;
'Twas writ in Latin, full of stories
Pleasing to youth, called *Ars Amoris*.

IRVING BROWNE.

MR. GERALD DUCKWORTH, stepson of Mr. Leslie Stephen, has taken No. 3 Henrietta Street, Convent Garden, London, W. C., and will begin a publishing business after Christmas under the style of Duckworth & Co., in collaboration with Mr. A. R. Waller, editor of Florio's *Montaigne* in the Temple Classics.

The Lounger

MR. I. N. FORD, in a recent letter from London to the *Tribune*, writes on the leisure enjoyed by public men in England. We are supposed to be "hustlers" in this country, yet it seems to me that we are children in the art of accomplishing work as compared with Englishmen. Mr. Ford cites Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Austin Dobson to illustrate his remarks. He could, however, cite dozens of cases of men whose public life would seem to occupy all their time, and who yet appear to have plenty of leisure for arduous work of another sort, and who also have time for many holidays. Of Mr. Chamberlain he says:—

"He does not write books, but he is a diligent reader, with a wonderful memory. Not even so industrious a reader as Lord Rosebery makes a more practical use of books than Mr. Chamberlain. How a statesman, who has so many public and private engagements, and who is so fully engrossed with current politics, legislative details and department business, can find the leisure requisite for so much careful and thorough reading is one of the minor mysteries of English public life."

MR. DOBSON has been for forty years in the public service, having at sixteen accepted a clerkship in the Board of Trade, where he is now principal of an important department. He is "a faithful, plodding official, whose work is never in arrears," and yet he has found time for "exhaustive and comprehensive study of the literature of the eighteenth century, and for important contributions in prose and verse to English letters." I admit that Mr. Dobson has done more than most men in the line of his official duties and out of it, but this does not surprise me so much as Mr. Chamberlain's accomplishment outside of politics. It is not so hard for a man who, like Mr. Dobson, has his evenings, to do a good deal of reading. But Mr. Chamberlain gives his nights as well as his days to other than his private work—that is, to dinners and meetings and receptions and other social and quasi-political duties. Mr. Dobson does not go in for that sort of thing at all. Outside of office hours he spends his time at home in reading and study. I do not mean to belittle the amount of his work or its quality; I only mean to say that I can see better where he gets his time. Mr. Gladstone is a shining example of what a public man may do outside of his public work; but we expect Mr. Gladstone to be an exception to every rule.

AS FOR EDITORS in England, the man who edits but one periodical is regarded as a sybarite. I read in a recent number of *Cassell's Magazine* an article on Mr. Clement Shorter "At Home," which has filled me with astonishment. Mr. Shorter is the editor of at least four periodicals, enough to keep a man busy, you would think; but it seems not, if that man is Mr. Shorter. Besides his editing, he writes books—not novels, that might be dashed off under the inspiration of a good plot, but books that require study and research. I should like to know what it is that enables Englishmen to accomplish more in the way of work than Americans usually do. Two reasons suggest themselves to my mind—one that Englishmen go about their work more methodically than Americans; the other, that their climate is better adapted to work in. They have no such enervating summers as fall to our lot. A man may live in London for twelve months of the year and feel none the worse for it; but I defy a man to live in New York for twelve months straight through without feeling a great deal the worse for it. But as a matter of fact, an Englishman does not spend the entire year in London. He is as conscientious about taking his holidays as he is about doing his work. He believes that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and so it does. Or if it does not make him quite dull, it hurts the quality of his work and makes him break down before his time. If you go to London and observe the ways of professional workers, you will

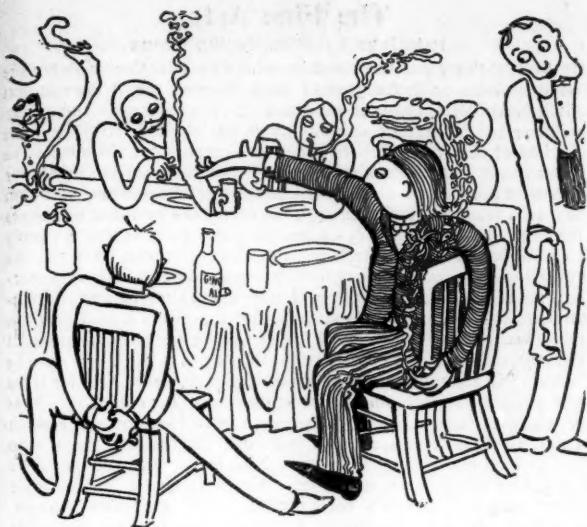
think that the greater part of their time is given to play. More of it is so spent than with us, to be sure, and work and play are never mixed. When an Englishman is on a holiday, he does not talk shop, while an American seldom talks anything else. His mind is never entirely off his work. I would give a good deal if I had the Englishman's faculty for managing my working hours. It would be dollars in my pocket and peace to my mind. I would also have a great deal more time for play. He never wastes time, and the consequence is that he never seems to be busy, while we waste so much, that we seem always to be driven to death with work.

JUST AS OUR WOMEN are beginning to take off their hats in the theatres, English women are beginning to put theirs on; thus slowly do American customs reach the old world. My heart has sunk and my gorge risen, at the theatre, as there loomed up between me and the stage a hat as large around as a bathtub (I now see why those enormous portable tubs are called hats), and decorated with more plumes than an Indian chief would dream of wearing. Miss Arthur's hat in the picture presented on this page gives an excellent idea of the modern theatre head covering. I am bound to say, however, that the wearers of these hats are considerate enough to remove them while the performance is going on—though they put them on between the acts, thereby giving one of the most delicious exhibitions of vanity that I have ever seen. It would be cruel to deprive them of this pleasure. What have the women to do during those long waits while their escorts are relaxing their minds in the lobby, if not to gaze at one another's hats?

IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN to be in Messrs. Scribner's book-store, ask Mr. North to show you the smallest book in the world, and he will do so with the greatest pleasure—unless you descend upon him when he is in the act of selling a rare edition of Lamb to a hesitating customer. The little book that I refer to is just ten-sixteenths of an inch long by seven-sixteenths of an inch wide. Notwithstanding this small page, there is an ample margin beyond the text. The book is printed in Italian and fills 203 pages. The compositor who set it up worked over a magnifying-glass and used tweezers to pick up the type. I don't know how long it took him, but then they do not count time of as much value in Italy as we do in New York.

A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN who claims to be a son of Mrs. Campbell-Praed and a brother of John Oliver Hobbes, has been raising the wind lately among the New York publishers. He is supposed to be identical with a young man giving the name of Epps, who has borrowed money from the New York authors. He is a blond, of medium height—and the police are on his track.

IT IS ANNOUNCED, as though it were of importance to any one, that Mr. Ira Nelson Morris, son of a Chicago millionaire pork-packer, has abandoned literature to enter his father's firm. "A million men can write books," declared the elder Morris, "but few have the opportunity my son enjoys to become great in the business world. A book is read by few; a large commercial or manufacturing enterprise, well conducted, is a blessing to the world at large." Wise elder Morris! There are indeed more people who eat than who read. When he says that a book is read by few, he speaks by the card, for I will venture to say that his son's book, "With the Trade Winds: a Jaunt in Venezuela and the West Indies," was read by very few. Mr. Morris, junior, stayed in literature long enough to find out that there is more money in pork-packing. To work in the line of one's sympathies is its own reward. Very often it has no other; but there are those who prefer the joys of literature, unremunerative though they may be, to the emoluments of the packing-house.



THE *Enfant Terrible* will be born about the first of January. The nursery will probably be at 33 Rose Street, with Mr. R. H. Russell as head nurse. Messrs. Gelett Burgess and Oliver Herford call themselves "the Governors." The infant is in good hands. A copy of the "Rules of the Nursery" has been sent me. One of these rules is, "No one, not duly appointed an Honorary Infant shall be allowed to contribute, except on payment of the usual space rates (\$10 per column)." The form of the *Enfant Terrible* is about the same as *Life's*, but it is set in large French "condensed" type and profusely illustrated. A very Babbaldy satire on "Boston Bohemianism" and the impossible story of the "Winchester Repeating Hen" more than justify the title of the new periodical.

I AM PERMITTED to reproduce from advance-sheets the picture of the Bohemians at dinner and to quote a few of the "terrible" lines:-

" The 'Orchids' were as tough a crowd
As Boston anywhere allowed;
It was a club of wicked men—
The oldest, twelve, the youngest, ten;
They drank their soda colored green,
They talked of 'Art' and 'Philistine,'
They wore buff 'wescoa's' and their hair,
It used to make the waiters stare!
They were so shockingly behaved
And Boston thought them so depraved,
Policemen stationed at the door,
Would raid them every hour or more!
They used to smoke (!) and laugh out loud (!)
They were a very devilish crowd!
They formed a Cult, far subtler, brainier,
Than ordinary Anglomania,
For all as Jacobites were reckoned.
And gaily toasted Charles the Second!"

I WISH TO ADD my compliments to those already extended to Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth for his handsome and graceful gift of the Windward to Lieut. Peary. The ship has already done good service in Arctic waters. It carried Mr. Jackson to Spitzbergen and brought Dr. Nansen back over the last stages of his journey. It is, perhaps, next to the Fram, the ship best adapted for Arctic work. Lieut. Peary is fortunate to have found a friend in so generous and practical a man as Mr. Harmsworth.

I SHOULD LIKE to see a society organized for the suppression of science. What is to be the end of all this electrical Paul Pry-ing? It was bad enough to have our words caught on the phonograph, our very vitals laid bare by X rays; but now, worse than all, comes the junior Edison, who, as it were, shows his scientific heels to his father—beats him in the race, by inventing, so it is said, a machine which will photograph our thoughts. Heretofore our thoughts were our own, but now they are anyone's who turns his machine upon them. Young Mr. Edison is said to be trying to demonstrate that "when a person with a normal mind thinks of a large object, there results a swelling of the head." It did not need science to tell us this. The "swelled head" has long been known in literature, nor do we need a camera to read aright the thoughts which produce the swelling.

THE MURDER of William Terriss in London by a mad actor, whom he had assisted, has eclipsed the gaiety, if not of nations, certainly of the metropolis of the world. His funeral at Brompton Cemetery was followed by one hundred carriages and fifty thousand people on foot.

THE LIFE of an actor is not always a happy one. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is worried by the ceaseless watch she is obliged to keep against vitriol-throwers, one of whom she succeeded in getting into an asylum; and now we hear that Mme. Jane Hading has been sold out. At the sale of her jewels, we are told, her lap dog's collar, studded with diamonds, fetched \$1000; a dog collar, with superb pearl and diamond pendants, was sold for \$7000, and a pearl necklace was auctioned off for \$9000.

Mme. Bernhardt's new play, "Monvais Bergers," is said to be a great success, but owing to the excitement it arouses, may be stopped by the Government. Mr. Harold Frederic writes:-

" Its action is confined to the half-savage squalor of a factory village, and its characters to the ragged, hungry, and brutalized victims of a bad employer. There are, indeed, two scenes in that employer's luxurious château, but Sarah does not appear in these. In the first act she is an ignorant, wretched work-girl in a blue smock. She reappears in the fourth act clad in rusty black as a kind of Louise Michel, the wife and co-worker of an agitator who incites the men to strike. The last act, one of barricades and murderous volleys from the troops, with many people killed, raises the audience to a great pitch of excitement and gives the tragedie a notable new death scene."

THE CONCLUSION of *Life's* "Pegasus" contest is lame and impotent. A prize of \$100 was offered to the lucky guesser of the line or lines by Longfellow illustrated by a picture of an old gentleman in armor, riding, in front of his soldiers, over flowers strewn before him by women in mediæval costume. More than three-quarters of all the guesses sent in quoted lines from "The Belfry of Bruges" and "Coplas de Manrique." Nothing could have been more natural. And nothing could have been more absurd than to intend the picture to illustrate the line from "Morituri Salutamus."

" For age is opportunity, no less than youth itself." If the number of guesses had been twelve million, instead of twelve hundred, not one of them would have given this line. Nothing could be farther fetched. I do not believe *Life* acted in bad faith; and the \$100 that nobody won is to be added to a prize of the same amount in a new contest. I fear, however, that the people who competed for the first prize, on practically impossible conditions, will be slow to enter a second competition.

Music

"The Highwayman"

THE LATEST OPERETTA of Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith, now on exhibition at the Broadway Theatre, is one of the most pleasing works of its kind offered to this public in recent years. For the instruction of those to whom comparisons are the obvious form of criticism, it may be said that it does not equal "Robin Hood" by the same authors, nor is it in some respects as good as "Rob Roy." But in others it is at least better than the latter operetta, and it is certainly the superior of any works by the same two men, except the two which have been named.

The story is romantic and improbable, but one expects that in comic opera. It is full of grace and sentiment and the comedy element is always in the foreground. The principal personage, Dick Fitzgerald, is a comedy character, one of those light-hearted, dashing and irresponsible fellows whose impersonation would have been in the line of Lester Wallack. This part is admirably played by Joseph O'Mara, who is a gallant highwayman and who sings his music with a good voice and much skill. The low comedy is in the hands of Jerome Sykes, as a blundering constable, with a most original manner of talking of himself in the third person, and Harry McDonough, who gives a capital sketch of a cowardly hostler, forced to play the heir to win his sweethearts. Hilda Clark is interesting as the lady-love of the highwayman.

Mr. De Koven's music is always light and tuneful, and in this operetta it has a most fascinating local color. There are hunting choruses and part songs that bring the English countryside plainly before the mind. There is a passionate love duet which will be extremely popular, and there is a song about a scarecrow which is as good as the song about the tailor in "Robin Hood." The ensembles are written with musical skill and are very effective. Indeed, the entire music of the operetta is pleasing and will bear hearing more than once. "The Highwayman" is beautifully put upon the stage and the stage pictures alone are worth going to see.

Notes of the Season

AT the first public concert of the Manuscript Society a symphony in F, entitled "Youth and Life," by Henry K. Hadley, instructor in music at St. Paul's School, Garden City, was produced under the direction of Anton Seidl. The work is distinctly original, and it places Mr. Hadley in a position to command respectful consideration for anything he may do in the future. His grip of form is not yet complete, but he shows decided independence of thought and genuine inventive ability. His second movement, with its beautiful treatment of a bell motive, suggesting the Angelus, and his scherzo, full of joyous spontaneity and fresh melody, are among the most interesting products of an active season. In his first movement he shows unusual contrapuntal skill. The orchestration of the entire work is solid and full of contrasts of color.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra introduced to the New York public a symphonic poem, entitled "Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Richard Strauss, and a new violin concerto by Gustav Strube, a member of the orchestra. The Strauss work is an attempt to embody in tones the moods of Zarathustra in his attempts to solve "the world-riddle." The basis of the composition is the speculative rhapsody by Friederich Nietzsche. Metaphysics are about as good material for music as a debate on the merits of Christianity and positivism. Strauss has produced a composition which is stupendous in its display of orchestral technique and which contains some passages of great musical beauty and others of massive power. But the composition as a whole is unsatisfactory because it simply puzzles the hearer and leaves him tired and dissatisfied.

Mr. Strube's violin concerto is a deliciously clear, fluent and melodious work. There is no straining for effect in it, and the solo violin is made to attend strictly to the graceful duty of singing lovely melody. The orchestration is rich and full in the tutti passages and interesting without being obtrusive in the accompaniments. The composition was played with superb skill by Franz Kneisel and the orchestra, Mr. Strube conducting.

At the second concert of the Kneisel Quartet, Mendelssohn Hall held the largest audience ever seen at a chamber music concert in this city. The quartet played was Tschaiikowsky's in F major. The other works were Beethoven's sonata in A major for piano and violoncello (Mr. Rafael Joseffy and Mr. Alwyn Schroeder), and the Schumann piano quintet, with Mr. Joseffy at the piano. It is needless to say more than that the whole concert was one of the purest exhibitions of high art.

The Fine Arts

Paintings by Miss Cecilia Beaux

ABOUT thirty paintings and drawings by Miss Cecilia Beaux are on exhibition until the 31st of December at the American Art Galleries. Miss Beaux has been a frequent and a welcome contributor to the regular exhibitions of the National Academy, the Society of American Artists and the Woman's Art Club for some years past; and has made for herself a place apart as one of our foremost portraitists. All of the pictures in the present exhibition are, in a sense, portraits, though in several the background counts for more than it usually does when the painter's intention is simply to place before us the sitter's individuality. In these, however, the chosen background is not only in harmony with the figure pictorially: it also tells us something of the person's tastes and habitual surroundings. Mrs. Thomas A. Scott appears seated at a tea table decked with a blue bowl full of scarlet geraniums—a bit of brilliant color in a dim and rich interior. "Dorothea in the Woods" is a young girl in a Bulgarian jacket, whose love for trees and grass is evidently an important element in her character. Miss Beaux never fails, it is said, to secure a good likeness. Certain it is that all these faces are full of individual expression; there is no family likeness among them, as there is among the portraits painted by many an artist of note. But Miss Beaux has her style which, as a rule, is easily recognizable. She is a subtle colorist, is both facile and accurate in execution, and has an admirable sense of composition, which shows, in the slightest sketch, in the mere placing of the subject on the canvas. There are few modern painters who could paint the face and the hands of "The Dreamer," or the semi-transparent muslin of her dress; and the group of five drawings in colored washes show that her draughtsmanship is as absolute as her command of the brush. On the whole, this is one of the best worth seeing of the special exhibitions of the season.

Views of Old New York at the Grolier Club

ON THE eve of an extension of the city which will amount to a complete transformation, the exhibition, at the Grolier Club, of plans and views of New York from 1651 to 1860 is certainly timely. By means of these engravings, lithographs and drawings, for photographs have been excluded, we may take in at a glance the entire history of the city down to the latter date. We see it, first, as the "Fort Nieuw Amsterdam op de Manhatans," in a print published at Old Amsterdam in 1651; but this is suspected to be a "fake" of the enterprising Dutch publisher, and some other ancient views are equally untrustworthy. The first thoroughly reliable view, in fact, is that of William Burgis engraved in 1717 when the city was already big enough for the picture of it to fill two yards of paper. But the only known copy of this is in the possession of the New York Historical Society, and in such a condition that it could not safely be moved to make part of the present exhibition. The Revolution brought out a number of views of New York, many of them colored; but the best of these, aristocratically speaking, are a French series purporting to show the "Destruction de la Statue Royale a Nouvelle Yorck," the triumphal entry of the royal troops, and the "feu terrible à Neuville Yorck," (the fire of Sept. 21, 1776) all of which are unhappily fictitious. Two pleasing French lithographs of later date and done from drawings made from nature show "New-York prise de Weahawk" in summer, and "Intérieur de New York, rue de Provost et Chapel," which, whatever its historical value, is a very good little snow scene. There are several views, evidently more or less imaginary, of the other great fire, of Dec. 16 and 17, 1835, and many views of famous buildings. The city has now grown too big to be pictured, except from a balloon, though, taken in detail, New York is more picturesque than ever.

The Cruikshank Collection

IT IS NOT often that the collector of prints, rare and otherwise, enters upon so useful a task or does his work so thoroughly as Mr. George E. Gladwin, of Worcester, Mass., has done in his Cruikshank collection, which is at present on exhibition at Dodd, Mead & Co.'s. Cruikshank collecting is a violent mania with those who are affected by it at all; yet we doubt that there is another collection in existence that includes 2,516 engravings, 39 portraits, 10 genuine autographs and 23 facsimiles, not to speak of hundreds of biographical essays and notices extracted from books and periodicals. It must have taken the labor of many years to get these things together, to classify, arrange and index them, to make neat pen-and-ink title-pages and tables-of-contents to each division, and to have the whole bound in twenty-three large volumes. The re-

sult may be described as a monument no less to the collector's patience than to Cruikshank's talent as an artist and caricaturist. We do not know which are the special rarities, nor whether Cruikshank collectors prize highest the etchings of the "Comic Almanac," or those of "The Fairy Library," the woodcuts to "Tom Thumb," or those to the "Life of Napoleon"; but though Cruikshank has been overestimated he has an important place among English caricaturists and illustrators, and there are few opportunities to study his entire career such as is afforded by this collection.

Art Notes

THE practice of exhibiting in New York decorative works intended for other cities is a wholesome one, and seems to be growing in favor. There is at present on exhibition at the American Art Galleries a large semi-circular painting by Mr. Frank D. Millet, which is to decorate the Bank of Pittsburg. It represents the procession of the Thesmophoria, in which young women convey fruits and flowers, oil and corn, and a flower-decked bull to the temple of Demeter. The bull, we suppose, is an artistic substitute for the pigs which were actually offered. The connection between the Thesmophoria and banking is not very clear; but as a processional composition the picture is very successful, the long line of women being cleverly divided into groups, held together by intermediate single figures, the one a priestess with a torch, the other an attendant tying her sandal. Mrs. Mary Navarro (née Anderson) is said to have posed for the former of these, and Mrs. Millet for the other. The background is a hill with classic buildings and groves of cypresses and olive.

—The small collection of pastels, by Mr. Kenneth Frazier, on exhibition at Wunderlich's, would prove highly interesting if it could be shown side by side with some of the works of our ancient Hudson River school. Most of them are views such as our early landscapists loved to paint, of the winding river, the Highlands and the now threatened Palisades; but they are done with such a disregard for detail and such an evident intention to secure a decorative effect at all hazards as would be condemned in unparliamentary language by Mr. Frazier's predecessors. They are far from even in merit. Among the best are No. 8, the Hudson and its hills from a high mountain road, No. 4, a pear tree in blossom under the Palisades, and No. 13, a study of a lilac hedge in bloom.

—The paintings of Antonio Mancini shown at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, supported by letters of recommendation from the well-known Dutch painters, H. W. Mesdag and Jacob Maris, seem intended to show what may be accomplished with a little talent, a liberal allowance of bitumen and plenty of palette scrapings. To the sober Dutchmen Mancini appears a great co'orist, but no one needs look to find the brilliant displays of a Monticelli or a Michetti in these pictures of Roman models with backgrounds that stick out from the canvas in paint an inch thick. With the maximum allowance of material, the artist has produced a little more than the minimum of effect.

—Count and Countess Castellane (the latter formerly Miss Anna Gould) are reported to have purchased an Italian palace at Verona, in which are eleven ceilings painted by Tiepolo. They will be transferred to the Castellanes' Paris house. Tiepolo is at last beginning to find popular appreciation. Connoisseurs have always admired and valued his work.

The Drama

"The Royal Box"

THE five-act play by Charles Coghlan produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Tuesday, lays no claim to originality, being confessedly an adaptation from the once popular "Kean" of Alexandre Dumas, yet it has been so modified in arrangement and detail and so thoroughly anglicized that, to the younger generation of theatre-goers, it is practically a new piece. Mr. Coghlan has done his work with great mechanical skill and with noteworthy literary finish. The dialogue is not only compact, expressive and well suited to the different personages, except in two or three places where the player's craving for theatrical effect has beguiled him into rather shallow special pleading, not to say fustian—but possesses the characteristics of true comedy writing—humor, observation, satire and wit. It is clear that he has yielded to the temptation of providing special opportunities for himself as chief actor, but these flaws, which are not frequent, do not detract materially from the general excellence of his performance.

He has produced a genuine romantic play, characteristic of its period, interesting in its story, very cleverly put together, ingenious in expedients, reasonable, if not always probable, in its details, and fresh in treatment, even if some of the material is old. The incident of the forgotten fan, for instance, is as venerable as Methusaleh, but almost everything in modern life is ancient, and, in this case, the ingenuity of the solution is sufficient excuse for the familiarity of the problem. A more serious weakness is the tame and speechless submission of the profligate Lord Bassett under the insults heaped upon him by the hero in the third act. This is one of the instances in which Mr. Coghlan's ambition has outrun his discretion. But it is not the intention of this notice to dilate upon the faults, which are inconsiderable, but to acknowledge the merits of a play that is quite out of the common run. In it Mr. Coghlan wins artistic success both as author and actor. Romance, of course, is not his specialty. His style is too deliberate and intellectual, too deficient in fervor and picturesqueness, to be wholly satisfying and inspiring, but it is not lacking in vigor, and is unexcelled in artistic finish, delicacy of shading and general elegance in execution. His limitations as an actor are defined pretty sharply, but his artistic perception is exceedingly fine and comprehensive, and within the range of high comedy it is doubtful whether his superior exists even in France or Italy. His performance on the opening night was marred by an occasional hesitancy, but his success with the audience was indispensible. The supporting cast was adequate, but he stood head and shoulders above his associates. It is a thousand pities that he cannot be kept in the metropolis, which has not now one single competent leading man to its credit.

Notes

MR. HERON-ALLEN, who, it may be remembered, visited this country some years ago as a professional palmist, has been at work since 1884 in making a translation of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam. Mr. Allen, to his credit be it said, has made a literal prose translation, believing as any right minded man should believe, that Fitzgerald has made the final metrical version. It is interesting to know, by the way, that Fitzgerald's attention was called to the "Rubaiyat" by Prof. Cowell, who now occupies the chair of Sanskrit at Cambridge. It was from a transcript by him that Fitzgerald made his earliest studies of the quatrains. In Mr. Allen's volume we shall have a facsimile of the original manuscript on which Fitzgerald's famous poem was based.

"Walking up Putney Hill one day this week," says a correspondent of *The British Weekly*, "I became aware that a quaint figure marching before me in a thin black suit and wideawake was none other than Algernon Charles Swinburne. In spite of a steady drizzling rain the poet carried no umbrella, but with his hands plunged deep in his pockets, and his soft felt hat well pulled down on his somewhat scanty grey hair, took his 'constitutional' with a complete disregard of the weather. As is well known, Mr. Swinburne occupies a narrow semi-detached house at the foot of the hill with his friend Mr. Watis-Dunton. At this same house Rossetti was a frequent visitor, and some wonderful pictures by the poet artist adorn its walls."

Sir Norman Lockyer whose latest volume, "The Sun's Place in Nature," is announced by the Macmillan Co., has just left England for India, to take observations of the coming eclipse of the sun.

In the February *Harper's* will be given part one of "Social Political Satire" by the late George du Maurier. In the first paper du Maurier will speak with intimate knowledge of the life and works of John Leech, and in the second, of Charles Keene and of himself. Among the illustrations will be original drawings, in part unpublished, one of which will be reproduced in color as the frontispiece.

The latest news from the novelists is that Mr. Gilbert Parker has written a story entitled "Mrs. Falchion," and Mr. Grant Allen one called "The Incidental Bishop." Mr. Max Pemberton is just "serialising" two romances, "The Phantom Army" and "A Woman of Kronstadt." Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan) is writing a story called "A Voyage of Consolation"; and we are to have an English translation of "The Red Terror," a new novel by Félix Gras, as already announced in *The Critic*.

We beg again to remind our readers that the Booksellers' and Stationers' Provident Association of the United States will hold its authors' readings on December 10, at 8 P. M., in Chickering Hall. Prof. Brander Matthews will preside, and the following authors will read from their own works: Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Mr. Paul L. Ford, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, Mrs. Florence M. Kingsley and Mr. George W. Smalley.

We are glad to make room for the following correction, and to know that the American Bible Society is not forced to sell its valuable building, though it wishes to do so for business reasons: "So *The Critic* ventures to suggest as a possible near event the final dissolution of the A. B. S. This is not likely, with a large piece of property clear of incumbrance, with no obligations which it is not fully prepared to meet, and with large trusts for which it is responsible. Its appeal for gifts is based solely on the fact that it has a bigger work to do than can be done without larger gifts from its friends and supporters."

One goes from home to learn the news: the Boston *Transcript* says that early in the forties the late Dr. George H. Houghton and the late Dr. George H. Moore, then seniors in the New York University, got out a monthly paper called *The Iris; or, Literary Messenger*, to which Taylor Lewis, the Greek scholar; Loomis, the astronomer; William Allen Butler, then a collegian; Erastus C. Benedict, the lawyer, and Alfred Wheeler contributed. It lived one year. "Dr. Houghton contributed some verse to his paper and was highly complimented for his work in that line. His love of literature followed him through life. He lived in an atmosphere of books, pamphlets and papers, in the second story of his big brownstone home, adjoining the church."

It is proposed to name one of the newly projected parks in this city after the late William A. Stiles, and the proposal is a most excellent one. Mr. Stiles did enough for the improvement of our parks for the Park Board to keep his memory green.

In addition to the fifty per cent. already paid to the creditors of Charles L. Webster & Co., Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") has just personally paid an additional twenty-five per cent. Under date of December 6, his representative writes to *The Publishers' Weekly* that Mr. Clemens hopes to be able later to pay the full amount of all the claims against the firm.

The Italian Government has resolved to found at Florence at public expense a library of all the books which have incurred the censure of the Sacred Congregation of the Index. The Vatican protests that a majority of the books are improper to the last degree, and that the establishment of such a collection is an affront against public morality.

Mr. Dockery of Missouri has introduced a bill to change the name of the Library of Congress to the National Library. Not only would he change the name but the nature of the library. He is in favor of allowing "everybody to take out the books under proper restrictions. The use of the 700,000 volumes is now restricted to a very small number of people." Mr. Dockery's suggestion is a good one and we should like to see it adopted.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton will preside at the Authors Club watch-night exercises, on New Year's Eve.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley was one of the speakers at the New England Society's annual dinner at Delmonico's, on Wednesday of this week. His subject was "Hoosierdom and Yankeedom." President Eliot of Harvard spoke of "The Characteristic New England Tendency to Reform and Progress."

In tearing down the building which covered the east wall of Independence Hall, says the Philadelphia *Ledger*, it was found that the face of this wall shows unimpeachable evidence of a building having existed of which the present generation had no knowledge, and to which reference is made in all old documents, letters, etc., but which had dropped out of sight. It is barely a century since the "Colonial Library," corresponding to our "Congressional Library" of to-day stood fully equipped, from which public men indited their correspondence.

Doubleday & McClure Co. announce a memorial edition of the complete works of Henry George, published in co-operation with Mrs. George, which is to include, besides the new book just issued, a hitherto uncollected volume of his writings and a biography by Henry George, Jr.

The London *Publishers' Circular* knows a publisher who is a *rara avis*. He is a young man, and he had confidence in a young author to whom he said:—"You devote yourself to writing, and I'll see that your weekly bills are paid till the public pays us both." That is a rare instance of faith, the *Circular* admits, but it shows that the publisher still does something to encourage genius. As to issuing books that are not "literature," they must "make the best of the material provided by authors and relished by readers. But that they at least try to exercise judgment is proved by the number—the enormous number—of manuscripts they decline."

Messrs. Studer Bros. announce "Chapters on the Natural History of the United States," by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt. The book is devoted to the histories of many of the better-known mammals, birds, fishes, etc., of the United States. The pictures are reproduced from a series of photographs, made from life by the author.

The twenty poems of Bacchylides in the papyrus that was lost for 1400 years, but which is now safely lodged in the British Museum, are soon to be edited by Mr. Frederic G. Kenyon, who has just edited the letters of a more modern poet, Mrs. E. B. Browning. This volume will later be followed by an autotype facsimile of the whole manuscript, and both publications are being printed at the Oxford University Press. The verse shows upward of a hundred words not to be found in any lexicon, and throws fresh light on many legions. Little is known of Bacchylides, who flourished in the first half of the fifth century B.C., and was a rival of Pindar.

Mme. Adelina Patti has arranged to sing in April in Christiania, Stockholm and Copenhagen. Her fee for each evening's concert will be \$2,775—less by several hundred dollars than she is said to have received in New York, but quite enough to keep the wolf from her castle door.

On the 10th inst. M. André Theuriet was inducted into the armchair of the French Academy made vacant by the death of Alexandre Dumas fils. The new Academician eulogised Gén. Dumas, the grandfather, and drew a picture of Alexandre Dumas the elder, with striking references to the absence of any hereditary likeness between father and son. M. Bourget then delivered the customary allocution. There was a large company present, including all the members of the Dumas family, Count Tornielii, the Italian Ambassador, and other notabilities of the diplomatic world, Mme. Carnot and M. Rambaud, Minister of Public Instruction.

Americans visiting Paris, writes the correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*, will again be amused by a piece which has just been triumphantly read to the Gymnase company, entitled "Les Transatlantiques." The author, M. Abel Hermant, gives all the French impressions of "les Yankées," the chief character being a certain Jerry Shaw, to be portrayed by the inimitable M. Baron of the Variétés.

"The last book printed at the Kelmscott Press," says *The Daily Chronicle*, is "'A Note by William Morris on his Aims in Starting the Kelmscott Press,' to which Mr. S. C. Cockerell has added an annotated list of all the books there printed, and other facts. There will be 525 paper copies at 10s., and twelve on vellum at two guineas. Before this 'last,' however, there remain to be published three books which have been already announced—'Sigurd the Volsung' (160 copies at six guineas), 'Love is Enough' (300 copies at two guineas), and 'The Sundering Flood' (300 copies at two guineas)—and a fourth, 'Some German Woodcuts of the Fifteenth Century,' being thirty five reproductions from books that were in the library at Kelmscott House, together with a list of the principal woodcut books in that library. The edition of this work will be 225 paper copies at thirty shillings, and eight on vellum at five guineas. When the Press is closed the type will remain in the hands of the trustees for future use, but all the special ornament will be discontinued, and the wood blocks deposited in the British Museum."

Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes of this city has presented Yale University with a valuable collection of photographs and a Buddhist manuscript on palm-leaves in Pali-Burmese dialect.

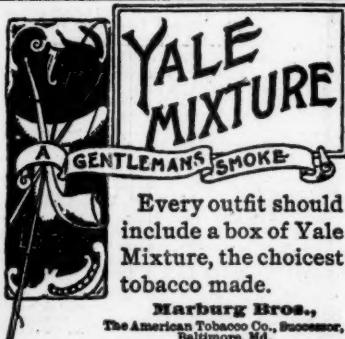
It seems that even in their graves the bodies of Voltaire and Rousseau cannot find rest. Despatches from Paris tell us that they have been again exhumed at the Pantheon, in order to settle a long controversy as to their authenticity. The body of Voltaire was well preserved and markedly resembled Houdon's statue. Of the body of Rousseau only the skeleton remained. Voltaire's skull was found to be cloven down the centre. There was no trace of a shot wound in the skull of Rousseau, which disproves the general belief that the author committed suicide by shooting.

The leading article of the January *Harper's* is the first instalment of "Rodent's Corner," a new novel by H. Seton Merriman, author of "The Sowers." The story takes place in London and the Hague. The illustrations, which include the colored frontispiece of the number, are by T. de Thulstrup, who visited the scenes of the action in pursuit of pictorial variety and local color.

Why doesn't some enterprising publisher collect Col. Hay's English speeches? They are too good to be lost. The one delivered before the Omar Khayyám Club has called forth torrents of praise from the English press, and led *The Daily Chronicle* to say that the United States "has never, not even in Mr. Lowell, been represented by a stronger, more charming, cultured personality."

The admirers of M. Huysmann's "En Route," a book that attracted unusual attention, will be interested to know that he has written another novel which will be translated by Mrs. Clara Bell. It is called "The Cathedral," referring to the Cathedral of Chartres, about which the scene is largely laid. M. Huysmans has a third novel under way—"The Oblation."

The funeral of Alphonse Daudet took place in Paris on Monday last. The coffin was followed by Daudet's sons, Léon and Lucien; his brother, Ernest; M. Hanotaux, the Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Rambaud, the Minister of Public Instruction; M. Roujon, the Director of Fine Arts; deputations from the Municipality, the French Institute, and the Societies of Authors, Composers and Journalists, in addition to an immense crowd of people. Emile Zola, the novelist, delivered the funeral oration at the grave. The municipal authorities of Paris have decided to name a street after M. Daudet.



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Among the exceptional prices reached in the sale of the Ashburnham Library, a new record was made in Caxtons, being £200 for "The Book of Jason," 1477, which is £150 more than "King Arthur" fetched a few years ago. "Twice during the present century," says Mr. Harold Frederic in the *Times*, "this identical copy of Jason changed hands for less than a hundred pounds."

Mrs. Stanton-Blatch, of the Vassar College instructing body, has chosen an admirable manner of perpetuating the memory of her daughter Helen, who died at Basingstroke, England, a year or more ago. She has just placed in the girls' department of the Board School in that venerable Hampshire town a memorial library. The main bookcase is carved in American oak. At the formal presentation exercises Mrs. Stanton-Blatch herself first made a few remarks, then one of the school-girls spoke; and they were followed by two members of the Board. The singing of songs and serving of tea in the assembly hall closed the simple but touching ceremony.

Publications Received

Adams, Mary M. <i>The Chor Visible.</i> \$1.50.	Way & Williams.
Archer, Agatha. <i>The King's Daughter and the King's Sons.</i> \$1.	Fowler & Wells Co.
Audubon, M. R. <i>Audubon and His Journals.</i> 2 vols. \$7.50.	Scribner.
Bellows, R. N. <i>Henry Whitney Bellows.</i>	Keene, N. H.: Central Print. Co.
Bellsmith, H. W. <i>Henry Cadavre.</i>	New York: Commonwealth Co.
Clarke, W. N. <i>Mystery in Religion.</i> 10c.	Amer. Bap. Pub. Society.
Coburn, W. L. <i>How to Meet Temptation.</i>	Amer. Bap. Pub. Society.
Commelin, A. O. <i>Not In It.</i> 75c.	Fowler & Wells Co.
Edridge-Green, F. W. <i>Memory and Its Cultivation.</i> \$1.50.	D. Appleton & Co.
Fisher, Arms. <i>Postles from a Child's Garden of Verses.</i>	Oliver Ditson Co.
Fuller, H. <i>Vivian of Virginia.</i> \$1.75.	Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
Genealogical Magazine. N. & S. 12c.	J. W. Bouton.
Great Round World, The. Nos. 56, 57 and 58. 15c.	Great Round World Pub. Co.
Green, Waverly. <i>George Forest.</i> 50c.	G. W. Dillingham Co.
Knopf, S. A. <i>The Urgent Need of Sanatoria for the Consumptive Poor of Our Large Cities.</i> New York: Publishers' Print. Co.	
Lovd, Mary. <i>New Letters of Napoleon.</i> 12c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Lucas, E. V. <i>A Book of Verses for Children.</i> \$2.	Henry Holt & Co.
Macfie, P. B. <i>Mademoiselle de Bervy.</i> \$1.50.	Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
McChesney, L. S. <i>Under Shadow of the Mission.</i>	London: Methuen & Co.
McCrady, E. <i>The History of South Carolina Under the Proprietary Government: 1670-1719.</i> \$3.50.	Macmillan Co.
McGuire, Rev. U. M. <i>The Church as an Educational Institution.</i> 10c.	Amer. Bap. Pub. Society.
Orth, L. E. <i>Mother Goose Songs Without Words.</i>	Oliver Ditson Co.
Piano Classics. Vol. III.	Oliver Ditson Co.
Surette, T. W. <i>The Eve of Saint Agnes.</i> 75c.	Novello, Ewer & Co.
Tarr, R. S. <i>Suggestions for Laboratory and Field Work.</i> 25c.	Macmillan Co.
Tawtis, R. G. <i>Afloat on the Ohio.</i> \$1.50.	W. & Williams.
Wood, T. W. <i>The Road to Prosperity.</i> 25c.	C. H. Kerr & Co.

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